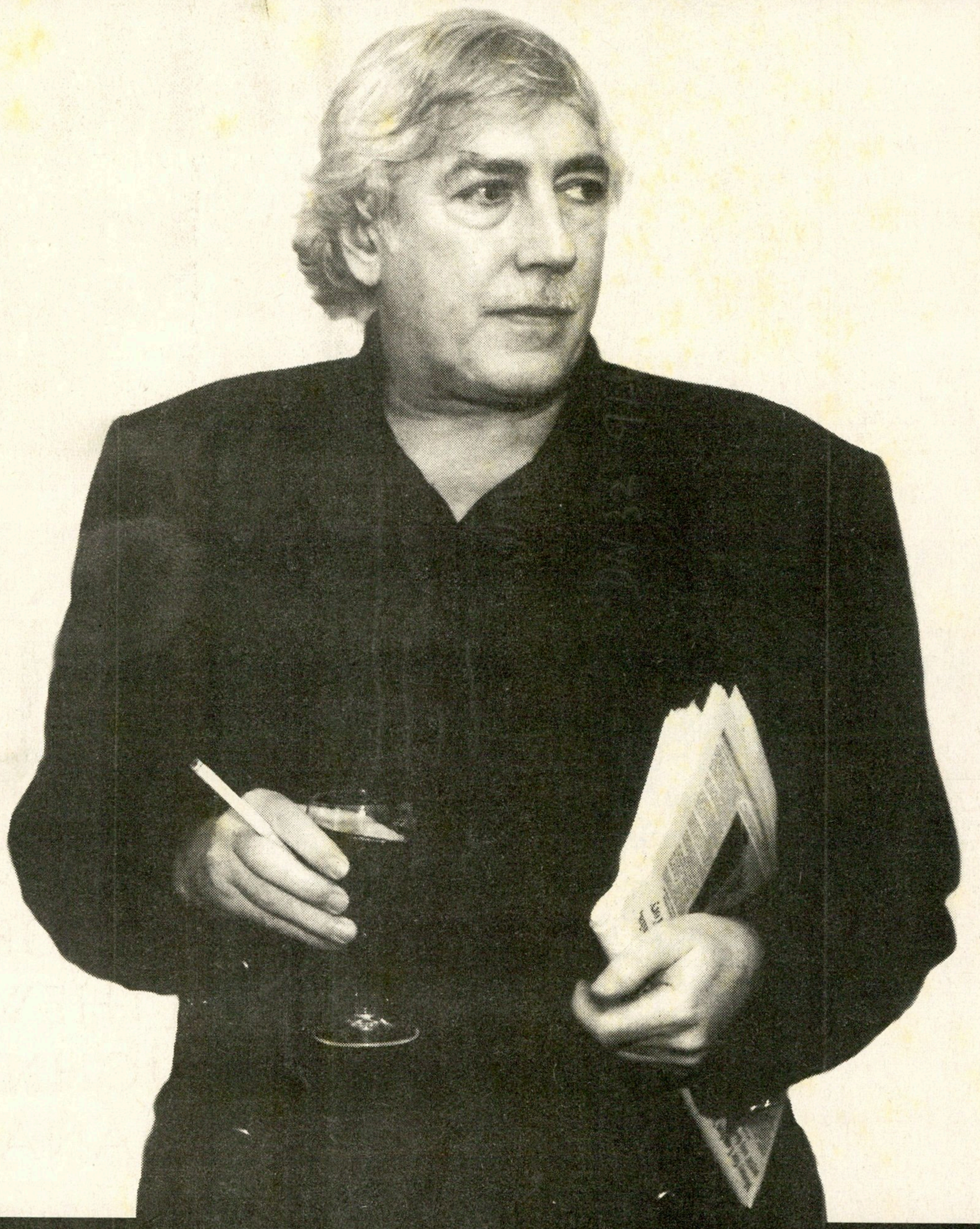
No. 863
Friday
13 Jan. '95

PRIVATE EYE

£1

So. Farewell then...



PETER COOK

17.11.37 – 9.1.95

THE ART OF LIVING IN ITALY

Turn holiday living into a fine art, take one of our traditional Italian properties: farmhouses, villas and apartments in Tuscany, Umbria, Apulia, Asti and the Marches. Many with pool. Travel facilities available.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01798) 869421
QUOTE I160 *Or write to:*
Vacanze in Italia, Dept I160, Bignor, Pulborough, West Sussex RH20 1QD.

VACANZE IN ITALIA

AITO BOND 1010 ATOL 2433

FRANCE

We have a feeling for France.

Farmhouses in Provence, châteaux in the Loire, cottages in Burgundy. A superior selection of traditional holiday houses of character and quality in France and Corsica. Many with swimming pool. Full range of travel facilities available.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01798) 869411
QUOTE REF: F204
Or write to:
Vacances en Campagne,
Dept. F204, Bignor, Pulborough,
W. Sussex RH20 1QD.

Vacances en Campagne

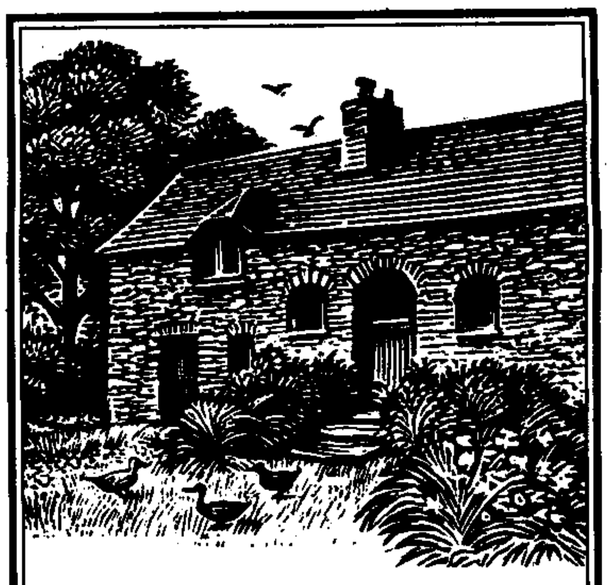
AITO BOND 1010 ATOL 2433

Cottage with elevated views. (For hire.)

THIS FINE Georgian farmhouse enjoys a lofty position with eagle's eye views of the Tay Valley. It is just one of a rich variety of holiday properties in the new Country Cottages in Scotland brochure – from a bothy to an ancestral home. Send for your free copy.

FREE 76 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01328) 864011
QUOTE S274 (24Hrs)
OR WRITE:
COUNTRY COTTAGES IN SCOTLAND,
DEPT S274, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK
NR21 9NB.

The outstanding properties of
Country Cottages in Scotland

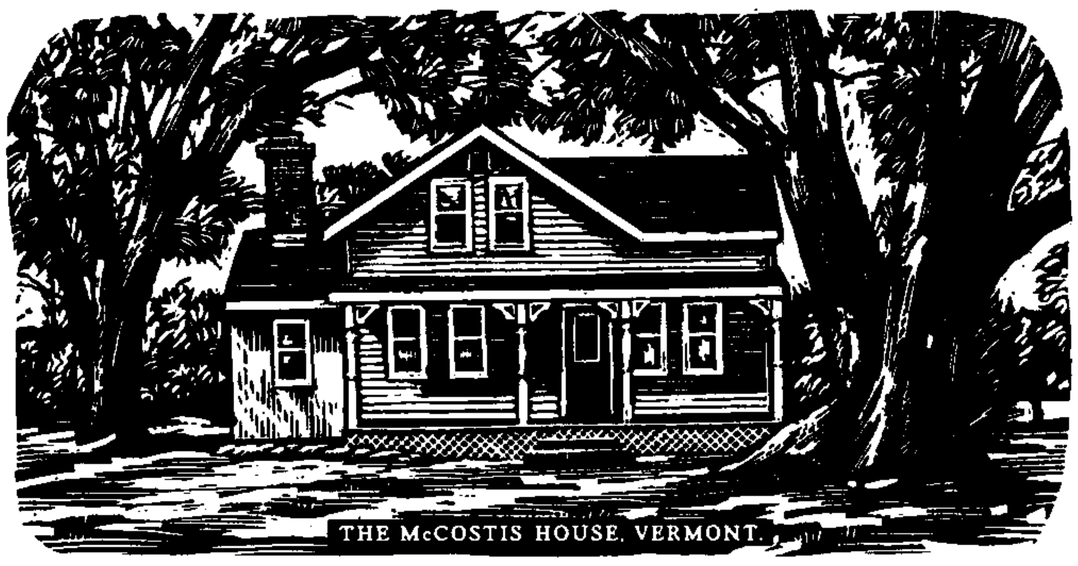


Llovely Welsh Cottages

An outstanding selection of holiday properties of quality and individuality in the most delightful areas of Wales. From an 18th century barn in the heart of the countryside to a cosy seaside cottage overlooking the spectacular shores of Cardigan Bay.

FREE 64 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (01328) 851341
QUOTE W236 (24Hrs)
OR WRITE:
WELSH COUNTRY COTTAGES,
DEPT W236, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK
NR21 9NB.

The outstanding properties of
Welsh Country Cottages



THE McCOSTIS HOUSE, VERMONT.

The new way to discover America.

Two weeks in a traditional New England house (including flights, car hire, first night's stopover and insurances) from £625* per person low season and from £850* per person high season.

We offer a superb collection of carefully selected coastal, lakeside and inland properties in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts (including Cape Cod).

Swim or fish in crystal-clear lakes, hike or bike through magnificent maple forests, try clam chowder at 'The Lobstermen's Co-op'. Explore early colonial villages with their clapboard houses, antique shops and general stores. Above all, enjoy the freedom of your own holiday home.

Send for our free colour brochure – and have a nice stay!

FREE 144 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
CALL (01328) 856660 (24 Hrs) Quote N216

Or post to: New England Country Homes, Dept. N216, Fakenham, Norfolk NR21 9NB.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

_____ Postcode_____

*Prices based on group of four sharing.

NEW ENGLAND
COUNTRY HOMES
ATOL 2984

Cornish cottage with heavenly views.
(Near St. Ives and St. Just.)

WHITEBREAKERS, CORNWALL. 'A little piece of heaven' is how the local postman describes the backdrop for this fisherman's cottage – where every room has a sea view. Nestling in the dunes of Whitesand Bay, it's a haven for wildlife enthusiasts. (For a wilder life, the area is perfect for surfing and rock climbing!)

With glorious walks to Land's End and across the beach to the local inn, you might think it hard to imagine a more idyllic holiday setting. But not so. We have a rich variety of equally enchanting properties – from a Lakeland cottage to a castle. All individually selected for style, character and location.

An English Country Cottage puts you in touch with the hidden beauty of England. You'll find the perfect place in our new colour brochure. Send for your free copy.

FREE 420 PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE
RING (0116) 246 3344
QUOTE REF E528 (24 HOUR SERVICE)

Or post to: English Country Cottages, Dept. E528, PO Box 201, Leicester LE4 9WL.

Name & Address_____

_____ Postcode_____

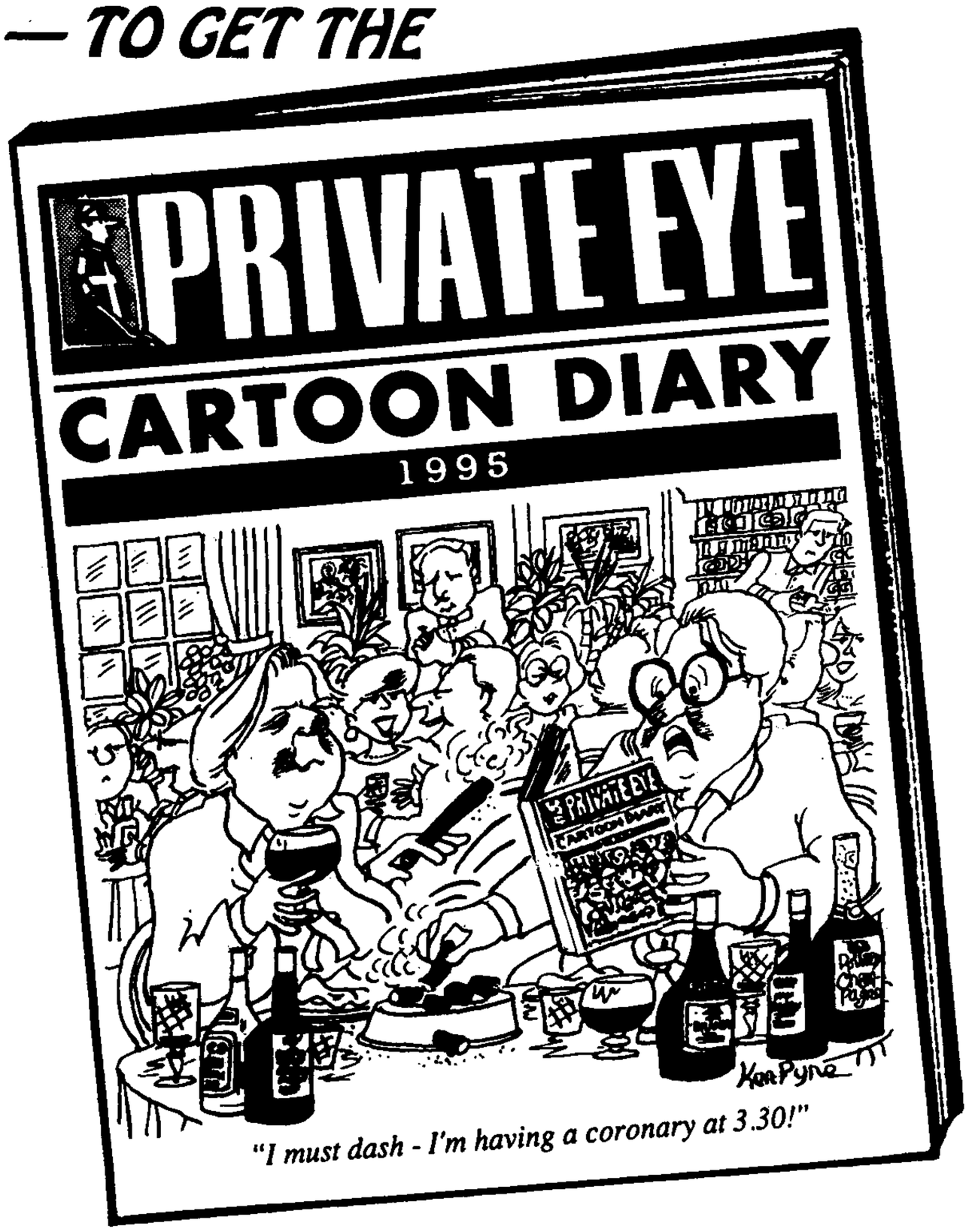
The outstanding properties of
English Country Cottages

PRIVATE EYE

No. 863
Friday
13 Jan. '95

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

— TO GET THE



"I must dash - I'm having a coronary at 3.30!"

A chunky (5¾" x 4½") 112 page hardbacked pocket/desk diary — with a week to view.

Packed with over 90 'EYE' cartoons, and showing all the PRIVATE EYE publishing dates.

An 'EYE' diary will see you through the year *(that's dreadful — Ed)*. £5.50 (inc p&p).

Just phone 071 223 8193 (24hrs) with your credit card details and we'll send it by return.

OR FREE

to new subscribers — using the order form below.

ORDER FORM — FREE DIARY FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

To: PRIVATE EYE SUBS/DIARY, Mortimer House, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE.

☐ I enclose £16 (UK rate, for overseas rates see under *Gnome,* cheques payable to Private Eye).

☐ or by ACCESS/VISA Number ..... Expiry date .....

Please indicate which is the cardholder's name & address.

NAME .....

ADDRESS (please print) .....

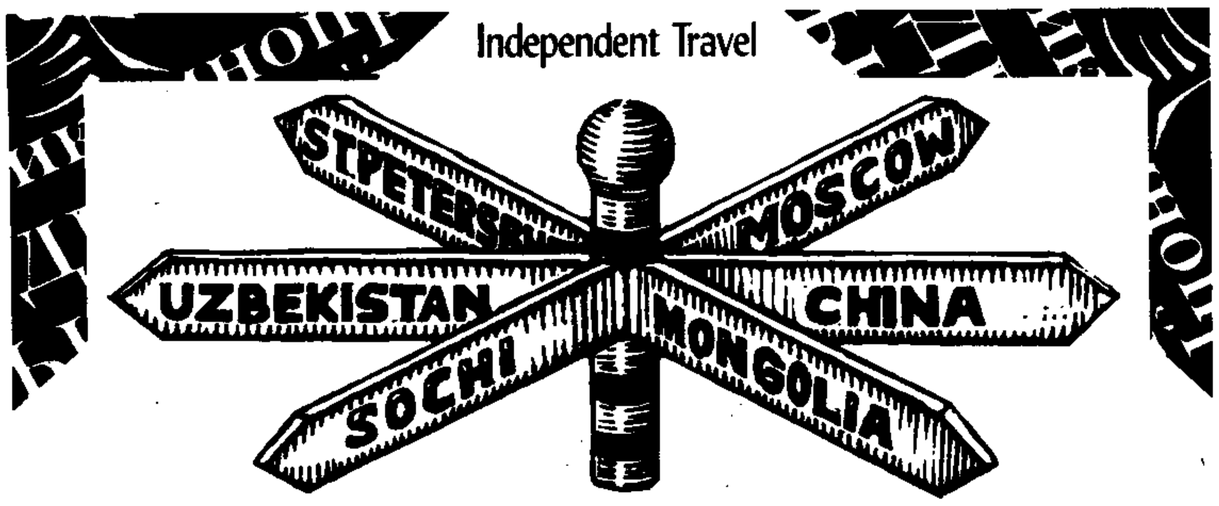
..... postcode .....

Please send FREE DIARY to (if different from above): NAME .....

ADDRESS (please print) .....

..... postcode .....

OR DIAL-A-SUB — JUST PHONE 071 228 0425/ 071 738 1249 (24 HRS) WITH YOUR CREDIT CARD DETAILS AND LEAVE THE REST TO US!



RUSSIA & BEYOND? YOU GOT IT.

How would you like it? Intourist's Independent travel programme is 'tailor made' for the free traveller. Whether it's Russia and its cities, Central Asia or a trip on the Trans Siberian railway we do it your way.

Intourist TRAVEL LIMITED

Now you can.

FOR FREE BROCHURE CALL 071 538 8600 QUOTE REF. PEI

Please send me more information on Intourist holidays.

Name PEI

Address

Postcode

To: Intourist Travel Ltd. Intourist House, 219 Marsh Wall, London E14 9PD.

ABTA 37062, ATOL 248, IATA.

PRIVATE HI-FI

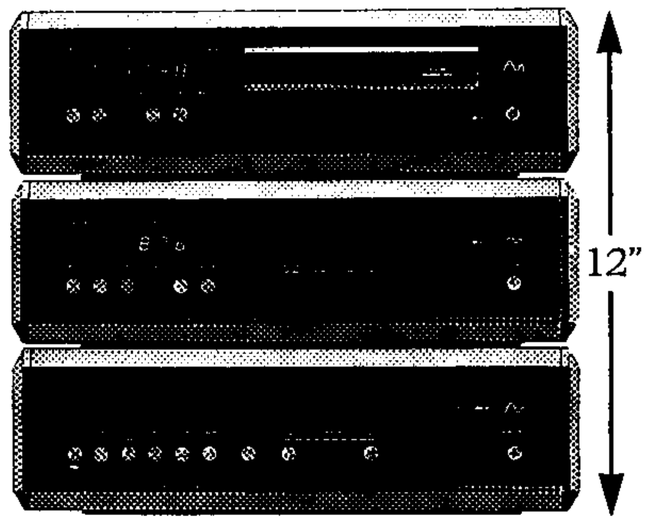
Once again, Martin Grindrod scoops the world with startling new developments to his all-powerful AVI hi-fi system.

The AVI total hi-fi system - amazingly compact, incredibly powerful and incomparably priced - has already been described by one reviewer as without doubt his 'first choice'.

Such language simply drove designer Martin Grindrod to even greater heights (and depths) of hi-fi ecstasy. Result: a revised integrated AVI amplifier, delivering a genuine 100 watts per channel. And a new AVI CD player which outperforms at least 95 percent of CD players in the world.

Add the AVI tuner and you have a total hi-fi system for just under £2,200. (The laugh is that some people pay up to three times more for considerably less - but keep it to yourself.)

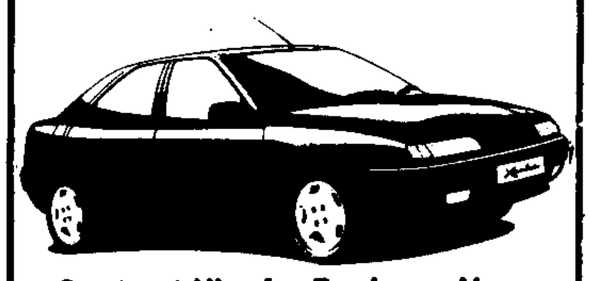
Call 0453 752656 for details.



A V International Limited,
Unit F3C3, Bath Road
Trading Estate, Stroud,
Gloucester GL5 3QF, England.

AVi A V INTERNATIONAL

FOR THE KEENEST QUOTES ON CITROËN CONTRACT HIRE, CALL...



- Contract Hire for Business Users - Choose the vehicle, select the best parameters for your needs and leave the rest to us.

All Contract Hire Contracts include Citroen Assist membership and road tax for the full term.

ROY CHAPMAN LTD

01442 871234

WhichUNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

HALKI KALYMNOS LEROS
SKIATHOS SKYROS SPETSES
ALONISSOS SYMI NISYROS
LIPSI SKOPELOS TILOS

Self Catering Holidays for the discriminating in our Apartments Villas and Traditional Houses.

IT'S ALL IN OUR AMAZINGLY HONEST BROCHURE Tel: 01629 824881 (24hrs)

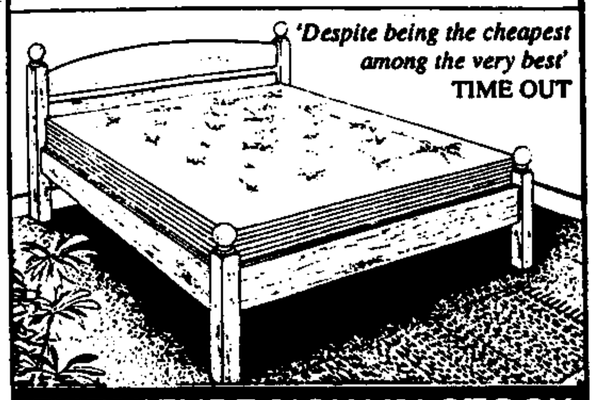
LASKARINA Ltd.

ATOL 1424 AITO THE ASSOCIATION OF INDEPENDENT TOUR OPERATORS Holidays

The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece.

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



'Despite being the cheapest among the very best' TIME OUT

FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK

242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6

OPEN SEVEN DAYS

FREE BROCHURE 071-624 3024

AMAZON RAIN FOREST APPEAL!

SPONSOR A CHAINSAW!

T- Shirts –100% cotton S, M, L, XL, XXL.
£9.00 inc. p&p. Cheque/PO to:
ELEPHANT HOUSE, Box 8, Elephant & Castle,
White Hill, Lewes, E. Sussex BN7 2DJ
ALSO OTHER DESIGNS: 0273 478801

Car insurance. Paying over £300?

You could save £££`s. Call Admiral at Lloyd`s free on

0800 600 800

Please quote reference **EYE**

Weekdays 8 am to 10 pm Sat. 9 am to 2 pm

Please only call if renewing in next 30 days.

Not available in Northern Ireland. Admiral Insurance acts for selected syndicates at Lloyd`s.

ADMIRAL

LLOYD'S LLOYD'S OF LONDON

PRIVATE EYE COLOUR SECTION

COOKY

PETER COOK, who has died aged 57, was one of the few truly original funny men of his time. Although he was well known as a TV comedian and stage performer, I am convinced that he was always proudest of his long association with *Private Eye*, which he maintained even during his final, more reclusive years.

Peter had been the real-life Lord Gnome behind *Private Eye* since 1962 when he and his business colleague Nick Luard bought the magazine from Andrew Osmond (Cook later buying Luard out). He was the perfect proprietor — never interfering, never seeking to impose his own ideas.

From the beginning he was a regular (later an irregular) member of the *Eye*'s joke-making team. He was responsible (inter alia) for the invention of Sir Herbert Gussett, the Seductive Brethren, the Turds, and Mrs Wilson's Diary, as well as for introducing Barry Humphries and Nick Garland to the *Eye* with their famous strip cartoon, Barry McKenzie.

He was a brilliant improviser with the ability to reduce his audience to hysterics, often for reasons which afterwards they found hard to explain. Various Cook phrases would recur — "My lady wife whose name for a moment escapes me" — as well as his curious obsession with "killer" bees.

He also liked playing practical jokes. Once, after some bare-breasted African dancers had been featured on the BBC, he rang up a senior producer from the *Eye* office claiming to be one Sidney Darlow, proprietor of "The Sidney Darlow Nude Dancing Ladies" and engaged in a long argument about why it was alright for black, but not white nudes to appear on the screen.

Peter had always been very keen to expand the *Eye*'s more serious journalism. He encouraged me to give work to Claud Cockburn and he himself personally named the Kray Brothers in 1964 — the first time it had been done.

Peter was literally the saviour of the *Eye* when it got into financial difficulties in the mid-Sixties. Returning from America, where he had been starring in *Beyond the Fringe*, he set about salvaging the magazine's finances, contributing a loan of £2,000 himself and canvassing for donations from various other business friends like Bernard Braden, Dirk Bogarde and Bryan Forbes.

He was also closely involved in the appeal which followed the *Eye*'s first serious libel action brought by Lord Russell of Liverpool whom he himself had dubbed "Lord Liver of Cesspool" for seeking to cash in on Nazi atrocities. Thereafter Peter took a keen interest in all the *Eye*'s legal battles, coining the memorable phrase "a proven lawyer", and giving a remarkable performance as the judge summing up the Thorpe Case. He later repeated this as the judge summing up the Archer case ("Gentlemen of the Jury, would you now retire and consider your verdict of Not Guilty...").

Critics will refer to the waste of his final years when he did less and less in the way of public performances. But he continued to come into the *Eye* (albeit irregularly) and he never, unlike some of his colleagues, gave in to the temptation to be serious. We shall all miss him very much.

Richard Ingrams

PETER COOK introduced me to the *Eye* when, as an awestruck student, I attempted to interview him over lunch. Having laughed and drunk more than I thought possible, I managed to ask him no questions at all. Peter then kindly suggested I sober up and return to interview him later.

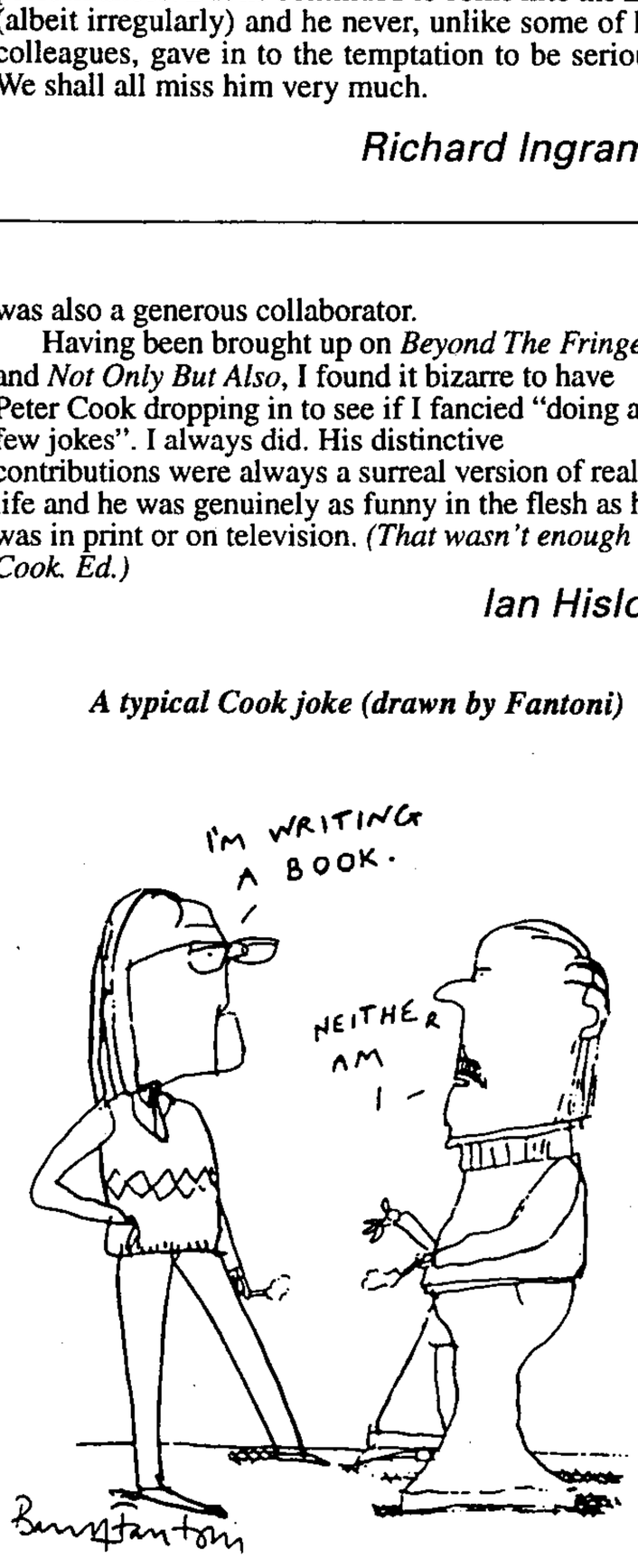
He was similarly supportive as a proprietor when I became editor years later. No matter what had happened, Peter would always appear in court to cheer everyone up. I will never forget him jauntily waving his cheque book at Robert Maxwell, who was standing in the witness box. Nor him making us laugh when Sonia Sutcliffe almost bankrupted the magazine. On one occasion he led a raid on the Mirror Building which ended with him sitting at Maxwell's desk, ordering champagne and telling the paper's picture desk to come and take his photograph.

He was a model "hands-off" proprietor but he was also a generous collaborator.

Having been brought up on *Beyond The Fringe* and *Not Only But Also*, I found it bizarre to have Peter Cook dropping in to see if I fancied "doing a few jokes". I always did. His distinctive contributions were always a surreal version of real life and he was genuinely as funny in the flesh as he was in print or on television. *(That wasn't enough Cook. Ed.)*

Ian Hislop

A typical Cook joke (drawn by Fantoni)



SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£16 per annum. Europe and Eire £23.
Airmail – rest of world £29.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588.
Fax: 071-924 3719
Editorial
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

Save £10 by subscribing — and for an added bonus, see page 3.

JOHN MACGREGOR, who was minister of state at the ministry of agriculture, fisheries and food from 1983-1985, so impressed the big food companies that effectively run Maff that he was appointed secretary of state in 1987, a post he held until 1989.

MacGregor is now reported to be "delighted" at the offer of an opportunity to renew his acquaintance with the food industry: he has joined the board — at an undisclosed fee — of the biggest British food company of them all, Associated British Foods.

His fee will "top up" the reported £50,000 a year he gets from the merchant bank Hill Samuel, whose board he joined soon after he was relieved of his post as secretary of state for transport last year. The department of transport, under his guidance, was negotiating with Hill Samuel over the Channel tunnel link, and over the "vendor unit" formed to flog off the valuable assets of British Rail. The new authority which is privatising the railway is Railtrack (chairman: MacGregor's old college chum, Bob Horton; deputy chmn: MacGregor's former financial adviser, Sir Christopher Foster).

A cheeky civil servant sends the *Eye* a government document about "acceptance of outside business appointments by Crown Servants". The document insists that civil servants who get an offer of appointment by any company which has had "any official dealings" with the civil servant's department in the previous two years must get government permission before he or she takes up the appointment. This precaution, says the document, "is to avoid any suspicion, no matter how unjustified, that the advice and decisions of a serving officer might be influenced by the hope or expectation of future employment".

A note attached to the document points out that this condition would certainly have applied to MacGregor if he had been a mere civil servant and not secretary of state.

A CURIOUS tale reaches the *Eye* which seems to solve the mystery of how Frederick West managed to hang himself with his clothing in Winson Green prison.

The story is that West carefully and secretly constructed a special rope plus hook in the prison sewing shop. This made the hanging possible.

If true, the story neatly complements the ingenuity of the three escapers from Parkhurst, on the Isle of Wight, who made their ladder in the metal shop. That story was told more than once during the recent visit of prison director-general Derek Lewis to Parkhurst — to present an award for, er, engineering work.

WINSON GREEN prison, where Frederick West was found hanged, does not have the best of records for prison suicides.

Before West, there were six suicides in the prison in the 1990s: Kim Kirkman in 1990; Horace Boswell, Mark Dawson, and David Taylor in 1991; Errol Commock in 1992; and Simon Quayle in 1994. All except Taylor (who was given access to lethal doses of drugs, despite his family's pleas that he was suicidal) hanged themselves with sheets.

Simon Quayle's death was most mysterious. He was a convicted sex offender and was just about to be released when he was found dead. The inquest jury refused to declare that he had committed suicide and returned and open verdict.

Winson Green also achieved notoriety in the 1970s when the Birmingham six were received there and complained of the most terrible beatings. The dreadful injuries they received were blamed by prison officers (whom the jury acquitted) on the police (who were never charged).

It was at Winson Green, moreover, in 1979 that two prison grasses were carefully placed on the same landing as the three men accused of killing the newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater. There they collected two confessions which helped convict the men (one of the grasses later admitted that the confession was false). The following year a carpenter called Barry Prosser was beaten to death at Winson Green. The officers charged with his murder were acquitted.

Cover photo by Catherine Shakespeare Lane

MORE NEWS OVER

WHERE did Cunard spokesman Eric Flounders (*sic*) learn his public relations skills?

It was his job, *Eye* readers will recall, to pacify furious QE2 passengers whose Christmas trip from New York had been cancelled; and he did so with characteristic aplomb, accusing some punters of being publicity-mad and of stirring up trouble for the sake of it.

Similar skills were in evidence in his last job as leader of the Liberal Democrats on Tower Hamlets council, where his pr coups included a drive to cull the deer in Victoria Park, east London. His sensitivity to public feeling was such that he called the protestors "middle-class trendies" and the "Bambi brigade".

Previously Flounders had looked into the innovative idea of housing the homeless on board a ship; and he was also part of the town hall sell-off for £500,000. The new fortress-like offices were later leased for £10 million for 10 years.

Flounders jumped the sinking LibDem ship at the local elections last year.

NUCLEAR Electric is "on a self-destruct course" which could lead to a radiological incident which "will result in the demise of nuclear generation in this country".

This drastic warning comes from the engineers and managers who run Britain's nuclear power stations and is contained in a confidential letter from Britain's most pro-nuclear trade union, the Engineers' and Managers' Association/Electrical Power Engineers' Association, to Derek Smart, personnel director of Nuclear Electric.

Nuclear Electric wants to cut staff by nearly a quarter, losing 2,000 jobs from its present 9,397 as part of a drive to become viable and be privatised. That is on top of 5,000 jobs that have already gone in five years.

According to Tony Aldous, national officer of the union, the size of the cuts reflect "a random decision based on assumptions on cost savings... a rushed major reorganisation designed to achieve headline manpower figures showing the City how macho the company is".

Replying to a letter from Smart, Aldous added: "Nuclear Electric is on a self-destruct course. It is not a question of broader health and safety issues that can be discussed in the comfort of the Health and Safety Committee. It is about problems created by the company which are being faced daily by my members. Those problems *will* [Aldous's underlining] result in an incident and, from recent information received, could be radiological which *will* [Aldous's emphasis again] result in the demise of nuclear generation in this country."

Nuclear Electric meanwhile has had to shut advanced gas-cooled reactors at Heysham and Dungeness, which have developed cracks in pipework. They produced a fifth of Nuclear Electric's output.

"You'll never get in, My Liege. That castle is impregnable"

Street of Shame

WHEN the increasingly desperate *Daily Mirror* spent £40,000 to buy up pictures of the "Klosters kiss" between Prince Charles and puppy-like childminder Tiggy Legge-Bourke part of the expense was that the great socialist organ had to buy two other sets of snaps from rival paparazzi so their "scoop" remained exclusive.

Perhaps this helps explain why the *Mirror* picture desk, run by Ron Morgans and his girlfriend Alison, is so hugely overspent. When photographer Ian Derry was sent to Zimbabwe recently with goalkeeper Bruce Grobbelaar, he complained to the *Mirror*'s managing editor that he wouldn't have enough travel money to pick up a telephone. "Why," asked a perplexed Pat Pilton, "would you need to pick up a telephone?"

MEANWHILE the *Mirror*'s commitment to socialism deepens daily. New night editor Peter Cox, yet another recruit from the *Sun*, recently announced a new policy diktat: "We don't want anymore of this left-wing crap."

For good measure he turned on hapless foreign editor Mark Dowdney and snapped: "We don't want this Bosnia crap, either."

Moreover, when political reporter Sheree Dodd brought tidings of the (briefly) threatened Labour VAT charge on private education to deputy editor Brendon "Chucky" Parsons, he threw a fit. Like most executives on the great people's organ, Chucky's children are in expensive private schools.

Parsons' finest moment, however, came with the news that the alleged serial butcher Fred West had committed suicide. "Let's buy up West's wife!" screamed a demented Chucky, before it was gently explained to him that Rosemary West was, er, behind bars and awaiting trail on murder charges.

ONLY weeks after the *Independent*'s move to Canary Wharf, where renamed as the "*Dependant*" it shelters under the menacing umbrella of the *Daily Mirror*, the clammy hand of *Mirror* chief executive David "Rommel" Montgomery has already manifested itself.

When *Indy* hacks called for a strike ballot over the arbitrary imposition of new working practices, editor Ian Hargreaves wrote to them at their homes threatening everyone with the sack. This was almost identical to the letter received by *Mirror* hacks two years ago, signed by the then editor David "Mr Blobby" Banks, but penned by Rommel.

"Should the vote be in favour of any industrial action, your participation could put your continued employment by Newspaper Publishing in jeopardy," warns Hargreaves, in a sinister echo of his master's voice.

This is but the first shot. If the ballot shows for a strike, the *Dependant* hacks will receive another note from Hargreaves demanding a personal pledge of loyalty. The end result, however, will be that *Indy* hacks will share the socialist benefits of those working for the Labour-supporting tabloid — ie longer hours, lower pay and no trade union representative at all.

PS: Montgomery pledged no interference — and *Mirror* hacks know all about that.

***SUN* columnist Richard Littlejohn conspicuously failed to declare an interest in his diatribe against *News of the World* columnist Woodrow "The Voice of Reason" Wyatt, which gutless *Sun* editor Stuart Higgins spiked.**

"Is it any wonder," wrote Littlejohn of his Wapping fellow columnist, "that he is known to readers of *Viz* magazine as 'The Voice of Alzheimer'?"

Littlejohn, of course, is even more famous to *Viz* readers — as Richard Littlecock.

SO much for tolerance at the *Indescribably-selfrighteous*: when gay columnist John Lyttle wrote a piece on "why gay men fancy Michael Portillo", Ian Hargreaves, the paper's editor, swung his handbag into action and spiked it.

A posse of indignant hacks then bearded Hargreaves, complaining about his illiberal act of censorship and pointing out that the *Indy* often ran hetero-type pieces on the lines of "why all red-blooded men want to give Edwina Currie one".

Alas, Hargreaves was unmoved. To discover Lyttle's theories on why gay men fancy Michael Portillo, readers will have to steal a copy of the crap *Modern Review*, which has agreed to run the piece.

FOREIGN secretary Douglas Hurd sent a new year note to Conservative constituency associations to gee up wayward grassroots Tories on Europe.

Called *The European Union: Why we are members*, it fell into the hands of a clapped out hack at the London *Evening Standard*... on whose leader page, Mr Hurd will have been shocked to see, its carefully phrased rhetoric was jazzed up but echoed almost word for word.

Sentences like "Our exports to Germany alone now equal those to Japan and the US combined" became completely unrecognizable in the *Standard* — as in "exports to Germany now equal those to Japan and the US combined". The falling *Standard*, and Mr Hurd, both noted Sweden, Austria and Finland's good decision to join the EU — while dismissively acknowledging the argument for Britain operating an off-shore Hong Kong-style economy.

Facts and figures plucked from the ether by Mr Hurd were then plucked from Mr Hurd by the *Standard*'s "writer". At least the Tories can be sure one paper still loyally follows its master's voice.

IN THE week Russia faced its gravest post-communist crisis *Daily Express* editor Sir Nicholas Lloyd devised a brilliant way to cover the story: he ordered the closure of the rag's Moscow office, and told his corr there, Will Stewart, to begin the slow drive back to Britain in the company Zill.

And what of the *Depress*'s last remaining foreign bureau in Washington? Sir Nick has decreed that it too must close and that American correspondent Peter "Barking" Hitchens should come home.

The alternative — to close the executive dining trough, The River Room, with its breath-taking views down the Thames — was unthinkable. A meal there, not including wine, only costs the company £60-a-head — a snip compared to covering world events.

LIKE every other witless colour supplement, the *Daily Telegraph*'s revamped mag carries a pisspoor "celebrity" question and answer slot which fills a whole page for not much money. But not all "celebs" are asked the same questions.

Most get a list which includes "First Lie", "First Offence", "First Sexual Experience", etc. But dim Scottish secretary Ian Laing was asked such savage and impertinent testers as when was his first act of heroism; when did he make his first speech; and when was his first day in parliament

"Maybe he didn't want to answer the other questions," explains the magazine's editor, Emma Soames, sweetly.

MORE on the *Daily Mirror*'s Ted Macauley, who specializes in "eyewitness" coverage of foreign grand prix races — from watching British TV (see *Eyes passim*).

Just before Christmas Macauley was pictured with Ray Illingworth before the test team boss flew out to bollock England's pathetic players in Australia.

Billed as "exclusive", the full-page article brilliantly managed to disguise the fact that Illingworth — as the picture makes all to clear — refused to answer a single one of the *Mirror* man's asinine questions.

THERE was embarrassment for the *Sunday Times*'s Chrissy Iley after she presented *What the Papers Say* for Granada TV in Manchester recently.

Another Granada show, *Walk The Talk*, had just had its main guest cancel, and the hackette was thrilled to be grabbed as the evening's "celebrity". She was less thrilled when the first question from presenter Tony Wilson concerned the actor Steven Berkoff and the famous blow-job that Chrissy didn't give him (see her letter in *Eye* 861) during an interview.

Meanwhile the name Berkoff has left a bitter taste elsewhere at the *Sunset Times* — as a long and embarrassing memo to heads of department from legal manager Antony Whitaker makes clear.

Berkoff has objected, via his solicitors, to unflattering references to his appearance penned by Julie Burchill. Pro tem, Whitaker has calmed the waters; but he warns: "If we, and Julie Burchill in particular, go overboard again about his less-than-stunning looks, I am convinced that the room to defend it will for practical purposes be nil — ie it will be treated as evidence of malice destroying the defence of fair comment."

The result, he says, could be very expensive — but then who could possibly feel malice towards someone as modest and self-effacing as Steven Berkoff?

Live ball-by-ball coverage from Sydney of the first day's play in the third Australia *v* England cricket test match (Sky Sports)

Radio Times

NOSTRADAMUS

NEW YEAR broadsheets were again full of mindnumbing forecasts for the coming year. But how accurate were the fourth estate's highly-paid crystal ball gazers *last* year, in January 1994?

Here are the past predictions of four of Fleet Street's grandest:

Andrew Rawnsley asked in the *Observer*: "Is the prime minister trying to tell us something? The new year's honour list could almost be a resignation honours list."

Paul Johnson in the *Sunday Times* announced with certainty: "Major will leave of his own accord as soon as the European elections are over. Clarke should be in the saddle by mid-summer."

Former *Guardian* political editor Ian Aitken told readers: "Tory grandees now believe it would be better to go down to honourable defeat under a new leader." And, after modestly describing his past record of predictions as "infallibly correct", the ineffably pompous Alan Watkins gave the *Independent on Sunday* the benefit of his "Almanack" tip for the Tory leadership in 1994: "All eyes now look to Mister Clarke".

What a relief that none of these oracles relies upon performance-related pay!

HALLO! THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

HALLO! THE Marquesa was amazed to hear that her old friend Lord (Martin) Charteris has been saying unflattering things about members of the royal family to some floosie hackette.

I remember when Martin was provost of Eton College in the 1980s, and he used to host dinners for visiting political speakers and supervise the meetings. He would tell the political society officers they could invite whomsoever they liked — he didn't mind how left-wing the speakers were.

But there was one absolutely iron condition which could never ever be broken: "Not a word against the monarchy, the Queen, or any other member of the royal family, or I'll close the meeting."

HALLO! NEVER let it be said that Sir Nicholas Fairbairn is a right-wing loon. When a constituent complained about his seemingly anti-gay stance, the Tory MP for Perth and Kinross gracefully set aside the time to write back personally and by hand.

"I have had many [letters] based on the perverse reason that perverts pay taxes — so do bank robbers and incestuous parents, so what is special about buggers."

His compelling tribute to broad-mindedness continued: "Buggery is a sick perversion. Why does one man want to stick his penis into another man's dung — because he is morbidly disturbed."

Long live the free-thinking spirit of Conservatism!

HALLO! *VANESSA Redgrave, daughter of darling Sir Michael, receives a lot of flak for her political causes, some of them a little extreme. There are even those who accuse the actress of living on another planet.*

But this is all nonsense, as the Marquesa has recently learnt. Vanessa merely lives in another time zone to the rest of us.

Having put politics momentarily to one side, she was asked during rehearsals by a fellow actor what time it was. When the answer made no sense, la Redgrave was asked for an explanation. "So sorry — I keep my watch on Bosnian time," said our most committed actor.

HALLO! WORD reaches the Marquesa that Charles Haughey, the dignified ex- Prime Minister of Ireland, once held secret talks of his own designed to push forward the peace process.

Unfortunately these early hush-hush talks were held not with a government insider but with a television chat show host. When Mr Haughey met with a bemused Terry Wogan he gave him the mysterious message: "The lads want to talk."

Haughey clearly — and incredibly — thought Terry Wogan was the best intermediary to begin negotiations for the IRA with the British government. A cautionary tale for anyone who thinks the current group of Irish politicians are dismal.

HALLO! OH DEAR. Just as Lady Olga Maitland was showing signs of growing into a great Tory parliamentarian, she reveals her coarse gossip column background.

The fragrant MP for Sutton and Cheam — a former *Sunday Express* tittle-tattle merchant — recently rose in the Commons during a debate about traffic curbs to ask Steven Norris, the government's most successful philanderer, a question about something called "humping". Only someone with Olga's training in the gutter could introduce smut into an important debate on road safety.

Lady Maitland (once chased around a table by the handsome Norman Lamont) made a great to-do about "excessive zeal" for "humping". Could there not, she asked the minister — who once ran four mistresses simultaneously — be fewer "humps"?

The roguish Norris suavely replied: "My hon. friend may have to revisit the way in which she phrased that point."

On second thoughts, perhaps the delightful Lady Olga had no idea what she was talking about — which would of course make her ministerial material!

HALLO! *TORY Euro-rebel Christopher Gill, the MP for Ludlow, may have been deprived of the Tory whip, but we are delighted to learn that at least Michael Howard, the home secretary, appears to be talking to him.*

A charming note on the secretary of state's letter-headed paper, from an assistant called "Chris", arrives through the post. The hand written note tells Mr Howard that: "Christopher Gill has phoned very anxious to have a personal word with you. His secretary would not say what the subject was."

Such secrecy! Anyway, the home secretary should be packing this renegade off to Coventry. What could a loyal minister like Mr Howard be doing with these unpatriotic backbench rebels! After all, Michael may be returning to the backbenches soon enough himself.

*"I was thinking the very same thing the other day — what **did** happen to Bananarama?"*

HALLO! LIKE a shy debutante, talented Anna Pasternak is at last stepping back into society after all those hurtful things that were said about her magical book, *Princess in Love*.

First, there was that lovely photograph of Anna as the sugar-plum fairy in the London *Evening Standard*; and soon she is to debate alternative medicine on Channel Four's *Out of Order* programme, when the whole nation will finally be able to see that she is a towering intellect.

There is bad news, however, of her romance with James Hewitt. This sugar plum liaison with the well-hung "major", cavalry types assure me, is finally finished.

Can we now look forward to the bestselling sequel, *Pasternak in Love*? Will we be told the secrets of Hewitt's jodhpurs? And how much money did he make? The Marquesa can't wait!

The Marquesa

JOHN REDWOOD's mania for cutting services appears to have made itself felt at the Welsh office in Cardiff, where government support for workplace child care — like government support for nursery care for all four-year-olds — is raising hollow laughs.

A creche where 80 mothers left their offspring before going to work for the pointy-eared Welsh secretary closed abruptly in the new year with no explanation, just a notice pinned to the locked door.

The contract with Acorns Nurseries, which runs creches for other government departments and the BBC, has six months to run. But no one at the Welsh office or at the minders' headquarters in the Welsh capital wants to explain.

Threats of legal action are growing; Rhodri Morgan, Labour MP for Cardiff West, wants an explanation; while parents are having to make "alternative arrangements" or stay at home.

JOVIAL chancellor Kenneth Clarke announced a cut of 4,000 jobs in customs and excise in his last budget — 600 of them in the drug-busting anti-smuggling field.

While there was jubilation among the Bogota coke barons, customs staff were then further insulted by Clarke's seasonal message to them. Writing in their monthly newsletter *Portcullis*, he said how grateful he was for the organisation's dedication and hard work.

There were loud snorts of derision across the nation — especially when Clarke then said customs and excise workers were the organisation's "most valuable resources". If so, why have one fifth of these "most valuable resources" been asked to leave?

THE department of health has a belated Christmas present for asthma sufferers: a unique medical database which holds vital information on treating the illness is in jeopardy because the DoH wants to sell it and refuses to safeguard its future.

The department received the "VAMP" database for nothing when a computer marketing scheme aimed at GPs collapsed four years ago. The founders of VAMP failed to recoup their costs, as they'd hoped, from selling the information to the pharmaceutical industry.

GPs now say it's even less likely to work as a commercial venture. Saving the database would cost £500,000, or 0.3 percent of the £150 million spent by the DoH on *abandoned* computer projects since 1988.

APART from its huge overdraft and the drying up of donations from big business, the funding of the Conservative party faces a more longterm threat: Labour's plans to put individual shareholders on a par with trade unionists.

Labour's proposals, if they ever became law after an election victory, would require secret ballots to be held on whether companies should or should not make political donations. Such a move would permanently curtail the Tories' fundraising capability — unless, that is, the new "rolling settlement" of share purchase catches on.

This system, hurriedly pioneered by the Bank of England after the stock exchange made a mess of its own plan, means brokers and banks will insist on new clients, unless they're hugely rich, using nominee accounts. The effect will be to disenfranchise anyone who is not prepared to endure endless form-filling and the payment of additional fees for the right to receive a firm's annual accounts and to attend company AGMs.

Naturally nominee accounts are cheaper to run, more efficient, modern, and all that sort of thing. What a pity their arrival will make it so much harder for individual shareholders to turn up at meetings and embarrass directors into halting political donations, awarding themselves massive pay hikes or, ironically, copious share options.

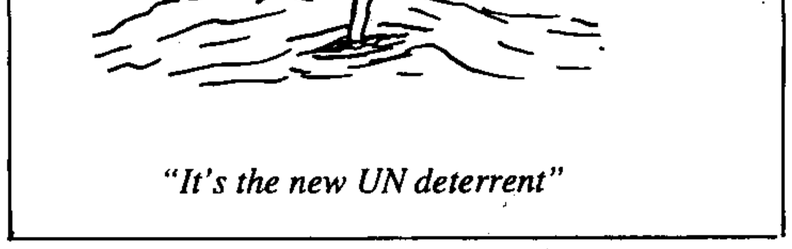
Not that the government would ever want that to happen...

THE conservative (*sic*) people of Teignbridge were surprised to receive Christmas cards from their debonair MP Patrick Nicholls.

Signed informally from Bridget, Patrick, the girls and James, the House of Commons card was obviously sent with considerable depth of thought and feeling.

Still, constituents were peeved with their Rt Hon member even before they opened the festive envelope. Indeed, cries of "Scrooge" echoed across the gentle hills of Devon for Mr Nicholls had not reached into his own pocket to send his Yuletide message but had rushed his Christmas post through his firm of solicitors' franking machine.

Will the freebie posting session be appearing in the new register of members' interests? No doubt it will.



"It's the new UN deterrent"

"I'm fine. No cuts and bruises at all." [Following his car crash.] "The first person to call to see if we were alright was the Prime Minister. The second was the Home Secretary. That's what real friends are for."

LORD ARCHER
The Times

Submitted by Jason Oliver.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

HOW PARLIAMENT WORKS, Pt 94: CROSSRAIL

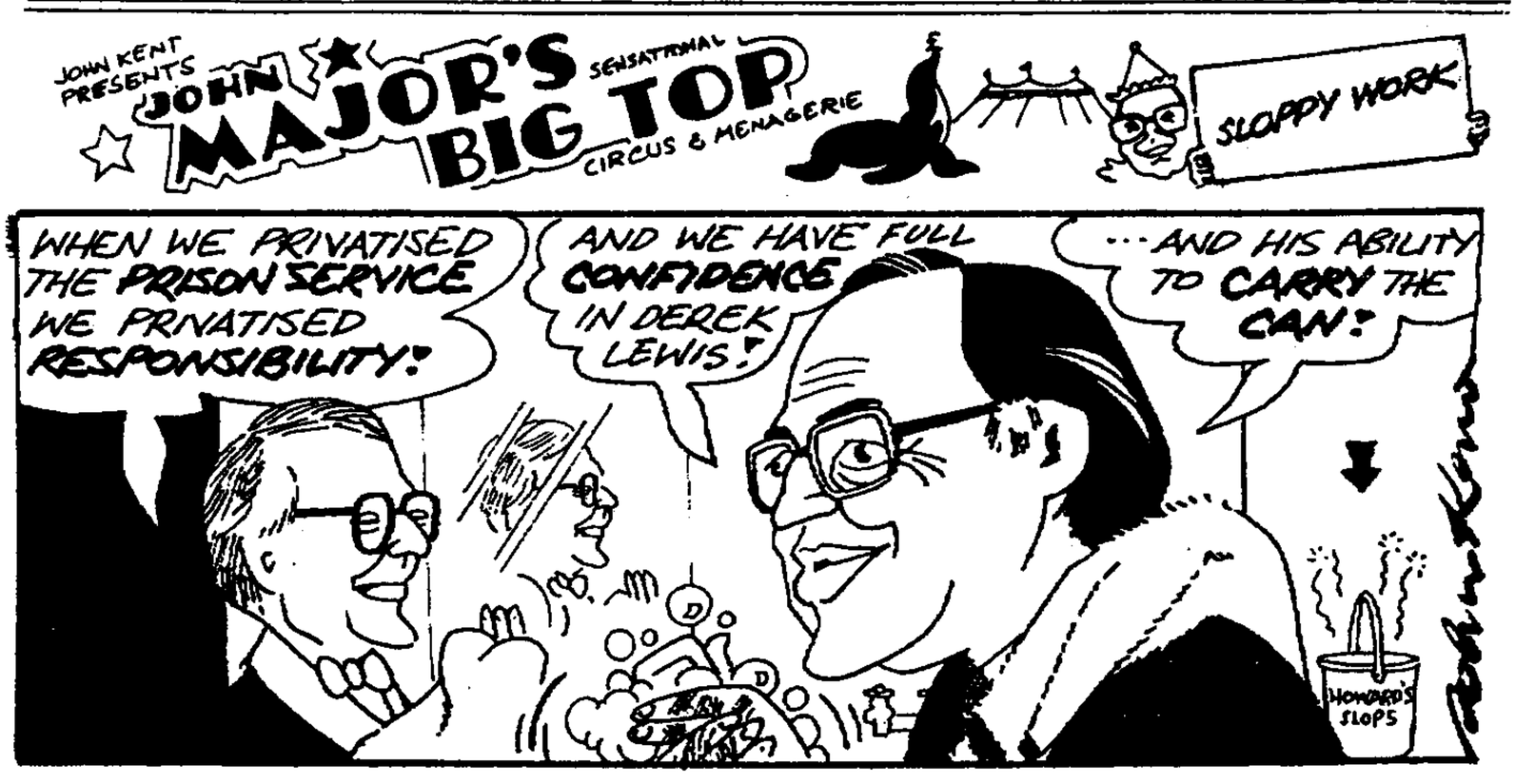
LAST May four MPs who know nothing at all about public transport decided they didn't like the sound of London's most important public transport project, the east-west Crossrail tunnel.

Consequently, and despite John Major's approval of the project, the whole £1.8 billion scheme was dropped. The MPs — not all Conservatives — did not give reasons for their objections, saying: "We are a quasi judicial body and we don't need to explain."

Not even the government could deny that Crossrail would have an enormous impact on travel, congestion and pollution in the capital, allowing as it would Network SouthEast trains to run between Essex and Buckinghamshire via stations in the centre of London. So the project is being put forward for parliamentary approval again, this time through a "transport and works act".

Preparing for the new act will cost £14 million — at a time when British Rail managers are wondering just how on earth they will cope next financial year with a treasury-imposed cut of £439 million in their external financial limit, and when London Underground has only enough money to keep its present, tatty and unreliable system on the go with nothing left over for upgrading.

Of course the four quasi-judicial MPs won't be accountable for this appalling waste of public money, and nor will the parliamentary system be amended to prevent such squandering in future — the British legislature being one of the only organisations in Europe that never has to improve its efficiency.


JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S BIG TOP
SENSATIONAL CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
SLOPPY WORK
WHEN WE PRIVATISED THE PRISON SERVICE WE PRIVATISED RESPONSIBILITY!
AND WE HAVE FULL CONFIDENCE IN DEREK LEWIS!
...AND HIS ABILITY TO CARRY THE CAN!
HOWARD'S SLOPS

SERIAL bungler Michael Howard, the home secretary in charge of prisons and law and order, had his own brush with the police when he was secretary of state for employment.

The Folkestone and Hythe MP was taking the train to London, and as an MP going to parliament he was entitled to travel free of charge.

However, when a ticket inspector approached Mr Howard and his travelling companion, the MP would not reveal his identity. He also refused to show a ticket for his first class seat — as he didn't actually have one or need one. Although Howard found his own lack of cooperation rather amusing, the ticket inspector did not. Following BR procedure he called the transport police, who met the train at Ashford.

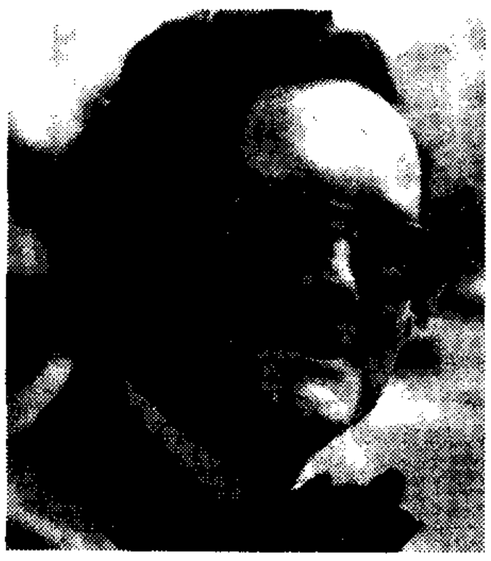
Confronted by the boys in blue, Howard finally announced his name and position. The situation clearly tickled the humorous home secretary to be — but not the hundreds of passengers who were delayed while Howard's little joke was played out.

'Backbiter'

NOOKS and CORNERS

1995 has not begun well, even though there is some cheering news concerning Elizabeth Esteve-Coll and the Victoria & Albert museum.

Esteve-Coll is to cease directing the degradation of the V&A and will shuffle off to the University of East Anglia (it's curious that as a trustee of the British Architectural Library and honorary fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, she opposed the only successful architectural exhibitions held at the V&A in living memory: Schinkel and Pugin). But the good news must be tempered by the knowledge that the dreadful bunch of economically-truthful V&A trustees are likely to choose an equally pliant replacement.



Owen Luder

Then there is the depressing result of the election for the next president of the RIBA. In a contested election, in which a mere 35.3 percent of those entitled bothered to vote, 4,565 votes were cast for Robin Nicholson — a partner in a very good firm, Edward Cullinan Architects — while 5,362 votes were cast in favour of Owen Luder, CBE.

What makes this all the more astonishing (and depressing) is that, as aged loyal readers may recall, back in 1980 in the first contested election for the RIBA presidency that had been held for years, the victor was also the outside challenger: Owen Luder. And the high point of his first reign in 1981-83 was praising Richard Rogers for effectively saying "Sod you!" to the public with his design for the extension to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Perhaps Luder has history on his side. Among the names of past presidents carved on the walls of the entrance hall in 66 Portland Place, the only two who agreed to serve two non-consecutive terms were scarcely distinguished for their architecture: that smug and corrupt creep Sir William Tite, who became a MP; and the smooth little Welshman Sir Percy Thomas.

And Luder? Well, the Owen Luder Partnership was founded in 1963, and in 1968 became the first architectural practice in Britain to convert to being an unlimited company. It specialised in hideous and anti-urban shopping centres, like the Tricorne in Portsmouth, which are now embarrassments.

When asked what his best creation was, Luder replied: "Eros House, Catford — low-cost speculative office building acclaimed at the time." This does have a certain second-division Brutalist chic, but wasn't it actually designed by Rodney Gordon?

So why does this designer-spectacled Cockney wide-boy want to be PRIBA again, apart from revelling in the power? "If the decline of the RIBA and the profession is to be reversed, I have the track record in all the vital areas." That is, he enjoys sitting on committees and thinks he understands money and so is the only man to balance the RIBA's hideously unbalanced budget. "If a ship's in a storm you want an experienced captain..." he says.

But in the RIBA council's vote for a candidate for president, the old sea dog came third and his proposals for saving money through such economies as not having a director for the RIBA's proposed architecture centre and not employing somebody to find a new home for the library were rejected.

The library and the drawings collection, indeed, constitute the institute's principal claim to be a civilised and learned professional body; but that matters little to many architects who look to the RIBA merely to ensure that they make lots of money. These, we must presume, bothered to vote for Luder. Yet he no longer even pretends to be a practising architect. He withdrew from his practice in 1987 and set up a consultancy to "provide a marketing and business development consultancy service to the construction industry".

I suppose to have won two contested elections is a sort of triumph; but having this bow-tied barbarian as president — *again* — will surely further destroy the credibility of the architectural profession. What next? Perhaps Maxwell Hutchinson will seek a second term. Weep for the Mother of the Arts...

'Piloti'

EYE TOLD YOU SO...

"What is interesting in this case, however, is that Mrs Gorman has buggered up a decent old listed building entirely without listed building consent..."

Private Eye, 12 August 1994

Pseuds Corner

Atwill, William D.
Fire and Power: The American space program as postmodern narrative.

Listings, Times Literary Supplement

Thursday
Molly has turned off the freezer part of the fridge. Bread, peas, fish fingers swim in blood from Calanach's placenta. Alan holds it up dripping in a torn Tesco bag. I feel squeamish. "This is part of you, Maria." Yes, and it's peculiar to see a bit of me defrosted. It's decades since anyone was born in the glen and they probably had a midwife.

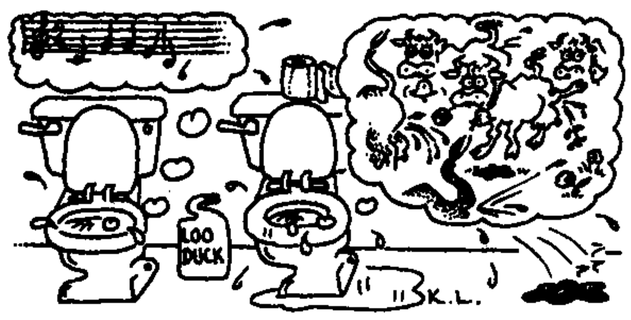
MARIA McDONNELL
The Scotsman

This emphysemic essay in historical revisionism, the acceptable face of entropy...

IAN SINCLAIR
London Review of Books

The question "which cafe?" with its attendant sub-question "what to drink in it?" had caused us all manner of difficulties which we could have avoided if we had asked ourselves the crucial question: "Do we even want to go to a cafe?" And since, clearly, the answer to this was "no", since neither of us wanted to go to a cafe, why had we not sat on the steps of the fountain in the middle of the piazza? L ordered a Campari, a drink she detests but often orders in moments of crisis.

GEOFF DYER
Guardian



The water project in Victoria Square does offer an outstanding possibility of allowing two key 1992 City achievements to speak to one another, with a central commission that would crown both. If the interruptions to the water flow between the two basins were not only to deliver your three objectives of white water, movement, and sound, but if the third of those three were to emit tuned rather than unpitched sound, we would be creating an unprecedented so wholly distinctive kind of installation.

I'm not, of course, suggesting that the thing play God Save The Queen. The sounds would be random, confused and constantly overlapping, but the component sound elements would be pitched (musical notes) rather than unpitched (noise) — giving you an aqueous parallel to the experience of hearing a large herd of cows cross an alpine valley. I'm quite sure that whoever you choose to do the commission would be fascinated to work alongside your Aston Hydraulics team on the kind of shapes that would make pitched sounds rather than mere noise...

Memo from Anthony Sargent,
Head of Arts, Birmingham City Council
Department of Recreation &
Community Services

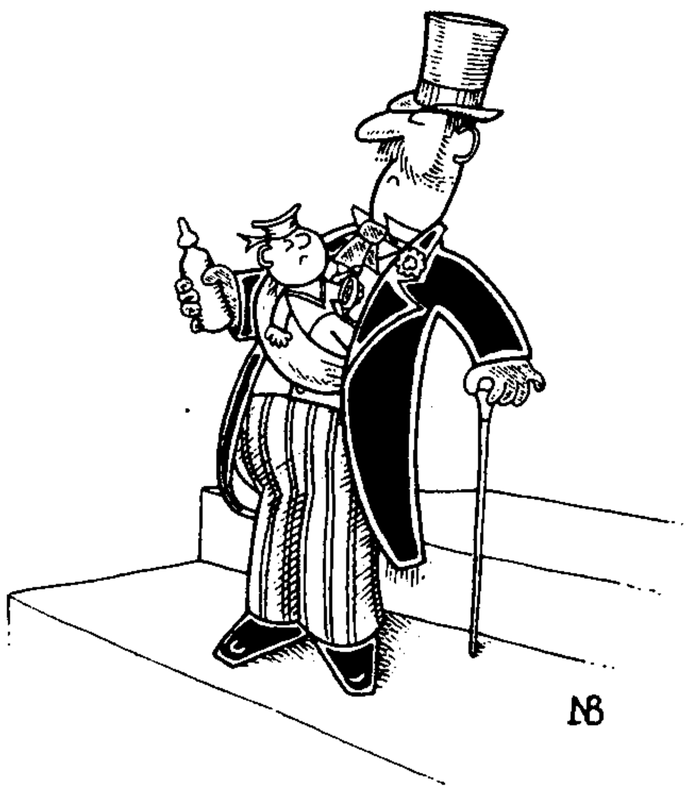
William Burroughs's story does deserve star billing. The junky is Danny, a car wiper who finds himself desperate for a fix on Christmas Day; when he at last finds one, he enters into the Christmas spirit by giving it to a man who is in terrible pain. Danny is suffused with a spiritual glow and feels he has scored the "immaculate fix". The other stories do not quite match up to this unusual vision of Christmas.

Fiction in Brief, Times Literary Supplement

CONTRIBUTORS: W. Thackeray, C. Pearson, C. Monteith, L. Nolan, 'Moley', C. Dickens.

£10 paid for entries

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



Hello, baby Bunting!
Daddy's come a-bonding.
He's being very *very* good
At conscientious fatherhood.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

THE Association of British Orchestras (ABO), which represents orchestral managements throughout Britain, seems determined to start the new year on a sour note.

Having seen orchestras' trading positions nosedive in 1994, the ABO has decided to clobber the people least able to help themselves — professional musicians who work freelance in the regional orchestras.

The ABO has always agreed pay and conditions with the Musicians' Union, but negotiations broke down on 14 December over a seemingly trifling issue: travel expenses. Put simply, the MU wants the not-very-princely sum of 20p a mile; the ABO says it can only afford 10p.

In fact there is more to the dispute than travel expenses: freelance players get a poor deal from the regional ABO orchestras, the managements of which would rather spend money on costly administration and expensive conductors than decent fees for the players on whom they depend.

Another aspect is that London's big four self-governing orchestras already pay well above the ABO rates to freelance players, and offer them similar conditions to those enjoyed by their own members. Furthermore they spend a far smaller proportion of their turnover on administration.

Perhaps the MU should press for self-government in the regional orchestras.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

ME TV

The Huw Weldon Lecture (BBC2)
Kavanagh QC (ITV)
99-1 (ITV)

THE "top telly writer" Andrew Davies was widely reported as 1995 began to have "slammed" BBC1 controller Alan Yentob for his failure to find hit dramas.

This attack caused great pleasure to Botney's enemies within TV Centre and in those sections of the press which feel the BBC was saved from its proper economic destiny of privatisation by the fall of Thatch.

The problem is that the playwright, delivering the BBC's annual **Huw Weldon Lecture**, was actually attacking ITV drama. It was Vernon Lawrence, fiction supremo at the ITV network centre, who was accused (by name) of sending the population to sleep by formulaically recycling the same small number of performers and plot ideas. The point of Davies's lecture was to warn the BBC not to make the same mistakes.

In fact the corporation's recent failures in popular drama — and they have been real and numerous — are, if anything, the result of an unwillingness to be formulaic enough. The once-great *Between The Lines* fell apart in its recent third series because Botney indulged the writer and producer in their desire to alter completely the setting and premise of the drama. ITV would have made them stick with what had worked.

Even the pisspoor *Harry*, which Botney is unaccountably bringing back, would have made more sense if the hero had simply been a private detective rather than the more original, but ludicrous, head of a regional news agency. And, although the BBC has been bright enough to realise that legal drama is hot again — because of the different celebrity of OJ Simpson and John Grisham — they were again too clever, ignoring the obvious but glamorous profession of barristers for the different, but deadly dull, world of solicitors in the recent *Milner*, starring Mel Smith.

Over on ITV, they more sensibly went for a barrister, and unveiled this week **Kavanagh QC**, starring John Thaw. One of the great charges against ITV drama is that nothing gets made these days unless a big star — preferably David Jason, Joanna Lumley or David Jason — is attached to it. This is a bit unfair to Thaw, who is one of the great telly actors of his generation. Griping about him getting another series is like asking why the National Theatre can't think of anyone except Judi Dench and Ian McKellen.

Another point is that, while court drama is an obvious and dusty genre, it is also fantastically reliable. It's a really bad actor or writer who can blow a trial scene. Let's look at it this way. Looking for a legal series, ITV comes up with John Thaw as a barrister. The BBC goes for *Mel Smith* as a *solicitor*. Botney might reflect that sometimes tired-old formulas have something to be said for them.

That said, the most intriguing thing about *Kavanagh QC* was that even ITV doesn't feel comfortable with a simple genre reproduction. To an astonishing degree, given that the cheerfully neanderthal Vernon Lawrence commissioned it, *Kavanagh QC* was *Kavanagh PC*. The plot — in which Thaw brilliantly won the acquittal of an alleged rapist — was violently wrenched round in the closing minutes to suggest that the freed youth was a violent rapist after all. This was despite the fact that a significant legal trend in recent months has been flimsy rape cases brought by women against men and despite the fact that the reversal made a nonsense of much of the evidence the viewer had been faithfully shown.

The other new commercial drama of the week — the returning **99-1**, with Leslie Grantham — also cast doubt on just how ruthless and formulaic ITV fiction really is. In its first outing, this was always a rather odd property for ITV, written by the cult theatre dramatist Terry Johnson and, although the star was Leslie Grantham, also including among the cast the Number One Luvvie, Robert Stephens.

Nor did the naff title — which variously suggests a piece about cricket or gambling, rather than the undercover cop show it is — reek of clinical market research, targeting and packaging of the kind with which ITV drama is connected in BBC demonology.

99-1 wasn't a ratings smash and was regarded by some as lucky to come back. The assumption was that it would be popularised for the second series. In fact, though Robert Stephens was killed off in the first episode of this new series, he has been replaced by another obscure RSC darling, Frances Tomelty. And, while the script contained both those police series clichés "Who sent you?" and "We're not actually having this meeting", it also featured a rather subtle and clever scene, in which a spy chief was jolted out of his final coma at a hospice in an attempt to glean his secrets.

The really odd thing was that, when it was clichéd, Johnson's script seemed nervously aware of being so. A female cop had the line: "Underneath this tough professional exterior beats the heart of a woman", but she delivered it with a shrug and massive rhetorical inverted commas. She also said: "People only follow people for 200 miles in John le Carré novels."

99-1 going post-modernist? *Kavanagh QC* desperate to be politically correct? Perhaps Davies should have been accusing ITV's drama of becoming more like the BBC's. At least Botney can take comfort that things may not be as clear-cut as they appear.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

IN PREPARING their defence to charges arising from the Maxwell pensions saga, Kevin and Ian Maxwell, through solicitors Peters & Peters, have been harrying the BBC to hand over material they claim is relevant to their case — material they have not seen and which has not yet been broadcast.

The interviews in question were conducted by BBC documentary-maker and Maxwell biographer Tom Bower, for a special *Inside Story* on the case which will be broadcast immediately after the conclusion of the trial later this year, regardless of its outcome.

Kevin and Ian want to see the material now, though the BBC has so far resisted.

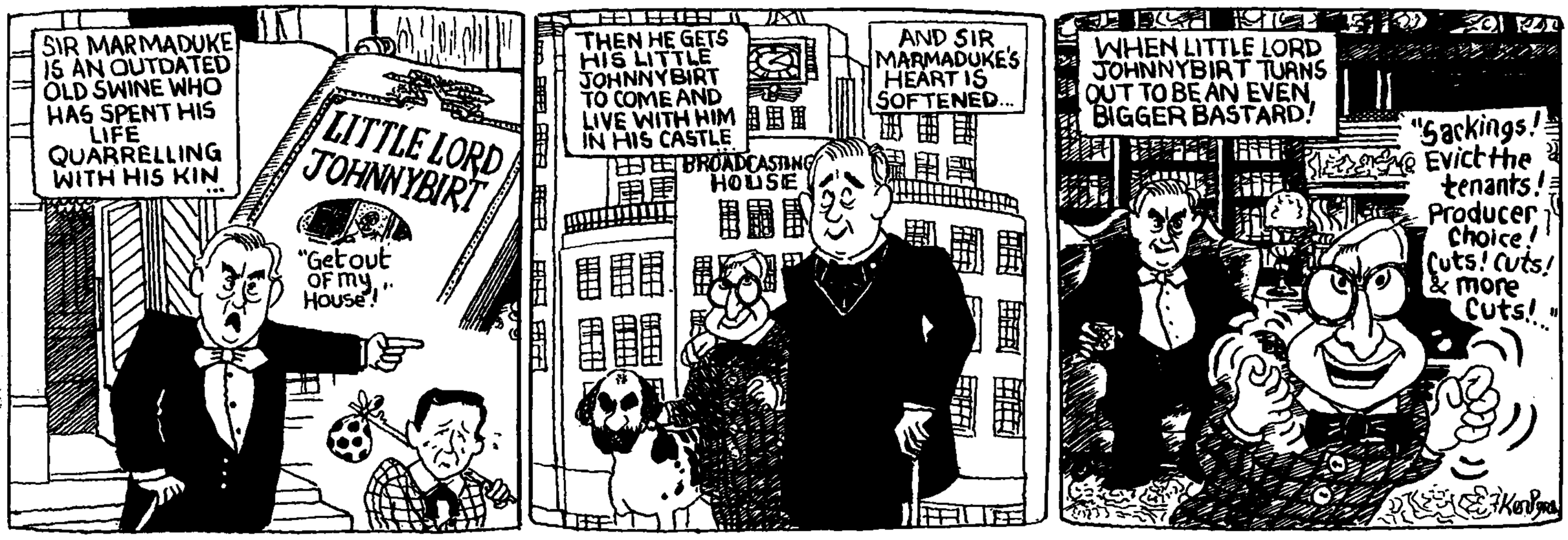
"It's our last chance to develop a show with legs"

MEANWHILE if the brothers wish to abort their trial on the grounds of "contempt of court" they need look no further than remarks made by their own mother.

Plugging her book *A Mind of My Own*, Elizabeth Maxwell recently gave an interview to the tiny London radio station, Spectrum, in which she made her own view of the forthcoming legal proceedings very clear: "My children are very courageous, they are extremely hard-working... with God's help I am certain together we will pull through."

Says the attorney-general's office: "Each case would have to be considered on its own merits — of course, it's the representatives of the people on trial, whose case might be prejudiced, who would normally refer remarks for our attention."

Outside Britain Mrs Maxwell is taking a more aggressive line. At a party in New York last autumn, given by daughter Ghislaine, she delivered a speech blaming "anti-semitism in Britain" for their troubles. She told those assembled: "Things would have been different if Bob had lived in America."


SIR MARMADUKE IS AN OUTDATED OLD SWINE WHO HAS SPENT HIS LIFE QUARRELLING WITH HIS KIN...
LITTLE LORD JOHNNYBIRT
"Get out of my House!"
THEN HE GETS HIS LITTLE JOHNNYBIRT TO COME AND LIVE WITH HIM IN HIS CASTLE
BROADCASTING HOUSE
AND SIR MARMADUKE'S HEART IS SOFTENED...
WHEN LITTLE LORD JOHNNYBIRT TURNS OUT TO BE AN EVEN BIGGER BASTARD!
"Sackings! Evict the tenants! Producer choice! Cuts! Cuts! & more Cuts!..."

MAX CLIFFORD, the patron saint of fuck'n'tell bimbos, seems to be losing his Midas touch.

The PR supremo's latest job is controlling the hype surrounding Caesars palace, a new "nightvenue" in glamorous Streatham, saaaf London.

The grand opening in November quickly turned to disaster when the celebs lined up to appear never showed and the sound system and lighting packed up. Since then things have got worse: a string of artists have had their shows cancelled; others booked to appear have turned up to find the place shut; cancellation fees have not been paid; and there are rumours that Caesars' resident orchestra has yet to be paid.

So far mismanagement of the venue is reckoned to have cost £250,000. But despite the problems the entrepreneurial Clifford is undeterred: he's desperately trying to persuade TV companies to use Caesars for game shows and light entertainment programmes.

IT WAS a bad Yuletide for Martin Killick, the ebullient investigator for the BBC's *Panorama*.

First came *Panorama*'s historic BBC grovel to the restaurateur Iginio Santin. In September last year, in the first of its attacks on the England coach Terry Venables, *Panorama* suggested that Venables, then of Tottenham Hotspur, had bunged Santin £200,000 for his help in negotiations over the price of Paul Gascoigne, who was being sold by Tottenham to Lazio of Rome.

Killick and Co made much of a fax from Allen & Overy, Lazio's lawyers, in June 1991, in which Lazio apparently promised to pay £5.5 million for Gascoigne. Since that was the eventual price negotiated by Santin, suggested *Panorama*, Santin had achieved nothing whatever for his huge payment from his pal Venables.

As the *Eye* revealed on 22 October last year, however, the Allen & Overy fax came between two other faxes from Alan Sugar, chairman of Tottenham, offering £4.5 million. The reason for the difference between the two figures was perfectly obvious from a study of the Allen & Overy fax, which made it plain that the offer was conditional on Gascoigne recovering from his injury: a condition Tottenham was never prepared to accept.

In fact, as the BBC now admits, Santin bumped up Gascoigne's price considerably. Thus the central allegation in the programme — the one which stuck in most people's minds — was completely false. How did Killick make such a mistake? Perhaps he relied too faithfully on a not entirely impartial source: Alan Sugar, chairman of Tottenham and Venables's main rival.

Just as Killick was recovering from the BBC grovel, he got a threat of another writ: this time from a researcher, Blanca Duindam, who claims he used her material for a programme on porn king David Sullivan — but somehow forgot to mention her in the credits.

A NUMBER of women, identified as "distinguished" by the *Grauniad*, were asked to nominate their heroines — "courageous, pioneering women who have been an inspiration to many... wonder women".

The replies included such names as Mary Wollstonecraft and Ellen Wilkinson. But Harriet Harman, Labour's treasury spokeswoman, went one better and selected someone still alive: her friend and former colleague Patricia Hewitt, "for her work on the social justice commission".

Hewitt left the Institute for Public Policy Research, where she was deputy director, after failing to be appointed to the top job last May and became head of research at Andersen Consulting, which specialises in telling companies how to become more efficient (ie, how to sack people).

Wine stolen

Burglers fled empty-handed from a ground-floor flat in Aldwick Road, Aldwick.

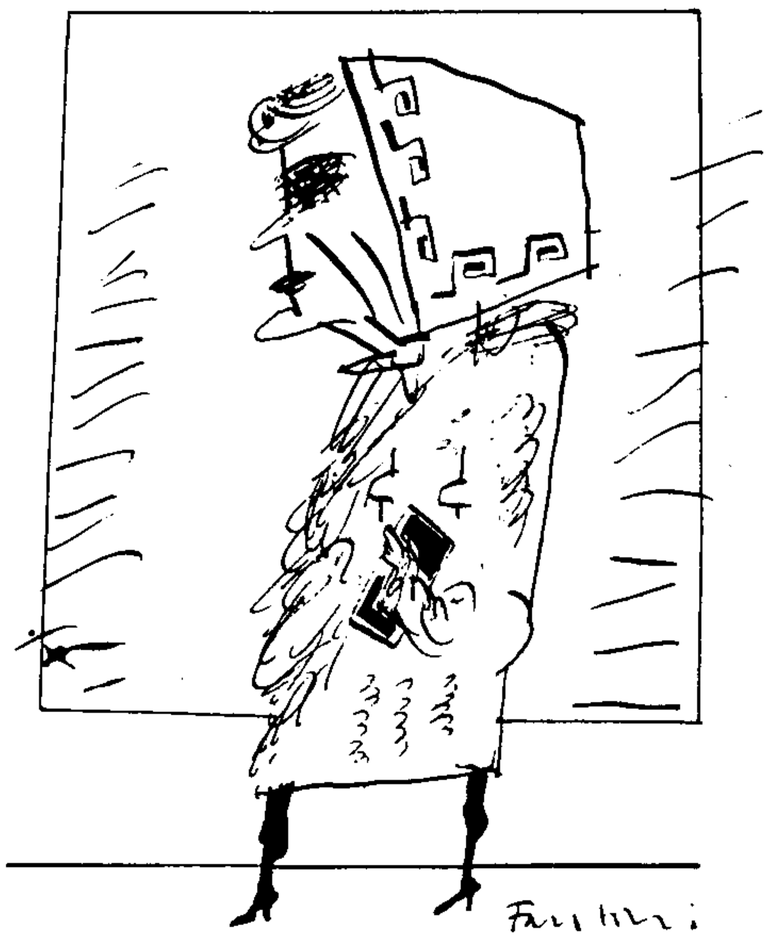
Bognor Regis Observer

THE first nomination of the year for the Martin Lewis "Bosnia in Bloom" Award goes to London's *Evening Standard* and its heartwarming half-page puff for the recently-launched Channel One.

The cable station's staff are, says reporter Tim Cooper, "a new breed in the fast-changing business of reporting the day's news"; and the channel's opening weeks "have provided a feast of news for subscribers". The first day's broadcast was, er, "terrific".

"Cable subscribers have bombarded the channel's headquarters with messages. It is a fantastic achievement really" — which is good news for the *Standard*'s parent company, Associated Newspapers, of which Channel One happens to be a wholly-owned subsidiary. Odd there wasn't space to mention this in the piece...

TOY BOYS R US



THE MAIN job of the British Council is to proclaim the wonders of Britain and British values in foreign parts, so recent reports in the *Eye* about the sacking of Paul McGinty at the council's Institute for Young Learners in Madrid caused a bit of a stir.

McGinty was sacked for sticking an *Eye* article on the noticeboard about the use of the agent Halon for dealing with fires in the Channel tunnel. Since he is safety representative at the centre, Mr McGinty thought the article should be read by colleagues, many of whom are likely to be frequent users of the tunnel.

The reaction of British Council management was to sack McGinty out of hand. When this was reported to the *Eye*, a number of protests (all very moderately worded) were sent in to the British Council director in London. The results were as follows:

- Paul McGinty was reinstated in his job after being told he must apologise for his "offence". There was no attempt to make good his loss of pay for the two months he was off the payroll.
- On the day he was reinstated, another young teacher on the centre's staff, Janet Prior, was summarily sacked. She was told she had not fulfilled the terms of her probationary period of employment. When she asked how and why, she was told that management had no obligation to provide details.

Since her work record was in the highest class, staff at the centre had no difficulty in concluding that Janet Prior had been sacked to make way for Paul McGinty's reinstatement, which was unexpectedly forced on the council by its own appeals procedures and by the protests following the *Eye* article.

Once again they ask readers to write in protest to the British Council's director-general, John Hanson, (10 Spring Gardens, London SW12BN) to protest.

LUVVIES

"People try to knock him down and I can't quite understand why. I had to recite the part of Angelo in Measure For Measure in the audition to be his stand-in. I was very nervous. There I was... with God."

GEORGE ASPREY
(Kenneth Branagh's understudy in Frankenstein)
The Daily Mail

Submitted by Liza Stubbs.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

GAS NEWS

GREEDY British Gas is pursuing its post-privatisation brief with gusto: to make itself 1,000 times more unpopular than the state-owned Gas Board ever was.

Its latest initiative is to ask "customers" what they think about, among other things, gas showrooms. But the questionnaire, from the marketing research section at British Greed's High Holborn office, is more than a little disingenuous: it was sent out *after* the company had announced a massive shake-up of the showrooms, including high street closures and 15 percent pay cuts for staff.

And following news that British Greed is to cut its bill for safety checks by 90 percent, cut out and keep ads have started to appear in British newspapers telling punters what to do if they smell a gas leak.

Along with commonsense tips (don't smoke, do turn off the gas supply) is one really telling instruction: "Don't leave it to someone else," it says. Well, no one can now leave it to British Gas, that's for sure.

MORE problems for British Gas — this time in north London where contaminated land is about to be passed to the public.

The Willoughby Lane gas works site in Edmonton was bought by the department of transport when the north circular road was widened in 1988. (As the widening ate a slice of open space, Pymmes Park, other land had to be offered in exchange: the DoT bought Willoughby Lane from British Gas to develop its north-west corner as a public open space.)

In 1986 British Gas commissioned an analysis of the site and, according to Friends of the Earth, found "significant pollution". Nevertheless the DoT assured locals it was safe, and consulting engineers Sire Frederick Snow & Partners began redevelopment.

When FoE visited the site a year ago they found workmen were not complying with standard safety procedures. And despite repeated assurances that the site was safe, both FoE and Enfield council had problems obtaining a copy of Snow & Partners' 1992 report and were refused British Gas's 1986 report on the grounds that it contained information of a commercially sensitive nature. (If British Gas were still a public company it would have been obliged to comply with the request.)

Snow's report showed there *was* significant contamination, and it also referred to the contamination found by British Gas in 1986.

FoE is now worried about the longterm durability of the liner the developers have placed on the site. It also fears the ground waters could rise (the area is part of the Lea Valley corridor) and flood nearby properties. Independent FoE testing has already found contamination in four nearby gardens, and the group wants British Gas to pay for independent analysis of the full implications of the possible pollution and to answer rumours... about a power station planned for the rest of the site!

PS: The range of possible toxic substances available at most gas works includes benzene, toluene, ammoniacal liquor, arsenic compounds and various forms of cyanide — any of which could easily find their way through the soil into the water supply.

DOING THE ROUNDS

A MARK of the efficiency of the new national health service is the speed with which it responds to complaints.

In September 1990, an elderly man was admitted to **Walsall's Manor hospital** for a prostate operation. His condition deteriorated over the following fortnight and he was transferred to nearby **Goscote hospital** where he died the next day.

His son was not given a reason for the demise and only found out that his father had lung cancer by reading his post mortem report. He felt staff had probably suspected this but no one had seen fit to tell him; so he decided to contact a solicitor to make a formal complaint.

A trifling 14 months later consultant surgeon Gordon Little agreed to meet the son to explain the omission. When William Reid, the health service commissioner, finally reported on the matter to a Common's select committee (in November 1994), chairman James Pawsey described the mix-up as "an extraordinary and appalling lapse".

Mr Reid also told the committee that in the six months up to September 1994, there had been a 30 percent rise in complaints in the NHS, many of which were subsequently "lost". He described failures in completion of drug prescription and administration records at **St Tydfil's hospital** in **Merthyr Tydfil** as "scandalous", and cited the case of the family of a terminally ill patient in pain who were left to arrange a specialist cancer nurse for themselves. At **Basildon hospital**, a patient in severe pain was only admitted after stern protests from her family and died 24 hours later.

Meanwhile at **Aberdeen Royal Infirmary** the wife of a cancer patient was told by a nurse to wait in a corridor because a doctor wanted to see her to discuss her husband's condition. Two and a half hours later, she was told that there was no doctor available and she was free to go home. Her husband died five days later.

As Mr Reid surmised: "It's very distressing to see the same failures in the NHS being repeated."

● **BURY general hospital's** accident and emergency unit has lost its consultant in charge after 10 years' service. Donald MacKehnie resigned from his post in protest at dangerous levels of understaffing.

His casualty ward had the worst staffing level in Greater Manchester, with some patients waiting two hours or more for attention. The trust claimed his criticisms were groundless and cited the results of a monitoring exercise last June which appeared to show high enough standards of care to reach the government's patients' charter criteria.

But hang on a minute... On the three days the figures were collected, 98 percent of patients were seen and assessed within five minutes of arrival. Curiously, for those three days an extra nurse was provided which enabled a colleague to do all the assessing. The extra nurse was removed as soon as the DoH inspector left, and for the rest of the year only 38 per cent of patients were seen within five minutes.

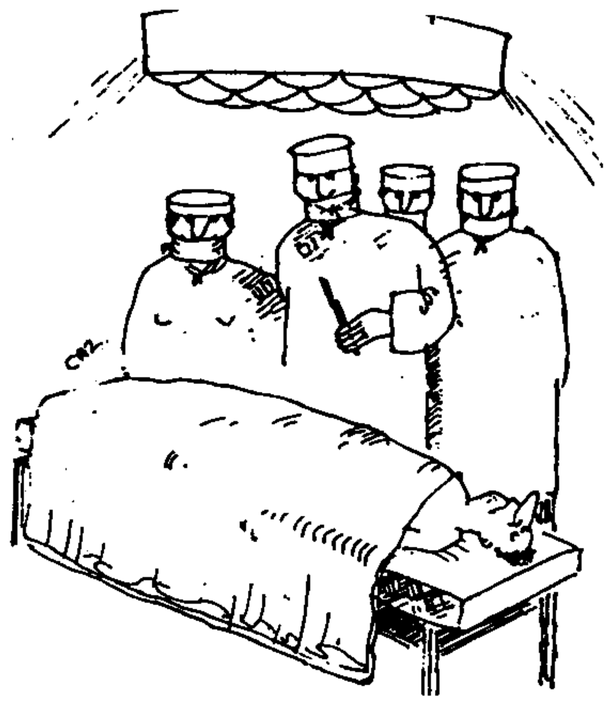
● TWO more Tories have been appointed as non-executive directors of **Bradford NHS hospital trust**.

Big Jim Britton, 61, is regional administration manager of British Gas and also chairman of Bingley grammar school, the first to opt out of Bradford local education authority. He is joined by Ali Asghar, president of Bradford's junior chamber of commerce.

● DR HAZEL BUTLER is a singlehanded rural GP in Cranbrook, Kent. In addition to her heavy daytime workload, she is on duty every weekday night except Wednesdays, and every weekend and bank holiday. Imagine her delight when she calculated that the government's proposal to pay every GP £2,000 a year for all out of hours cover would, after deductions, amount to 61p per night and weekend day. Now there's an incentive...

● COLIN RALPH, the deposed chief executive of the UK central council for nursing, midwifery and health visiting (*Eye* 855), has been enjoying his £80,000 a year salary two months after he was forced to quit. Whether this is a pay-off or just crappy administration is unclear.

● DR Christopher Bunch FRCP, medical director



"Before we start, a consensus of opinion — does he look the sort who will sue?"

of **Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary**, has sent an illuminating memo to all junior doctors.

"Dear colleague, I believe there may have been some confusion about legal cover for junior doctors who may, for whatever reason, be working longer than their contracted hours. I am writing therefore to reassure you that the trust indemnifies *all* your clinical activities in relation to patients of the trust —this includes both NHS and private patients."

Does this mean that the Radcliffe's juniors, in addition to working unsafe hours, are being coerced into treating private patients when they are paid by the taxpayer to work only in the NHS? Or are private patients now part of the NHS? Perhaps we should be told.

● JUNIOR doctors at **Leeds St James' trust** are overjoyed that the management has sent three consultant geriatricians on extended administration courses and left them in charge of the patients. Meanwhile a study of 200 young doctors funded by the DoH has revealed that two thirds of the women and more than half the men regret having studied medicine.

M.D.

DOWN ON THE FARM

THERE is puzzlement at the news that the government's chief veterinary officer, the egregious Keith Meldrum, has been awarded a CB in the new year's list. Which of his many magnificent deeds brought about the honour?

The leading contender is his policy of mass slaughter in which his veterinary stormtroopers wiped out 3.5 million chickens in the wake of the salmonella scare, costing the taxpayer £5 million. But then it could have been his department's systematic attempts to cheat egg farmers out of compensation — a move the parliamentary ombudsman called "maladministration underlined three times".

It could also have been for his department's attempts to doctor the BSE statistics and prevent any work being done on the link between "mad cows" and organo-phosphorus pesticides. Or maybe it was the so far successful cover-up of the effects of OP sheep dips, which his department compelled sheep farmers to use, destroying the health of many of their number.

Then again perhaps it was for his department's unremitting campaign against badgers, slaughtering them in their thousands because of their as yet unproven link with TB in cattle.

But, more likely, the honour would have been for something recent — like his sterling work in dismantling the UK's farm animal quarantine laws to meet the demands of our masters in Brussels for their "single market". This is the move which has let in a deadly strain of cattle Aids from the continent and threatens the health of the entire British dairy herd.

OF COURSE one of Meldrum's finest achievements has been to launch his stormtroopers against Britain's small slaughterhouses: so far more than 200 have been wiped out. A further push is set for April, when the closures of another 100 or so are planned — all under the excuse of implementing the EC "single market" fresh meat directive 91/497.

In law-abiding Germany — where the directive has been ignored — more than 1,000 small pork butchers (*die Fleischmeister*) remain untroubled by the reign of terror affecting British butchers. That is, until Meldrum's opposite number in the Fourth Reich dreamed up a wheeze to put before the EC commission.

Under the present law — had it been implemented — German butchers would have been limited to killing 20 "livestock units" a week to escape the full rigours of the "hygiene" requirements. But, by redefining the "unit" — currently three pigs — to become seven, they can up their "kill" from 60 to 140 a week.

In addition two or more "specially qualified" butchers — ie German *Fleischmeister* — if they share the same slaughterhouse, can increase their collective "kill" by a further 50 per cent, leaving the majority of the sausage-makers happily exempt from the more rigorous legal requirements!

While unhappy Brits face the prospect of being hauled off to court for breaking hygiene rules if they kill so much as 141 pigs in a week, their Fourth Reich cousins will be quite legal killing up to 210. So much for the "level playing field".

AT LEAST "Droopy" Willy Waldegrave, the agriculture minister, is getting a taste of his own medicine. His long-established family cheesemaking firm has been badly hit by the milk price hikes, after he abolished the Milk Marketing Board. But pity the eight men his Chewton Dairies had to lay off before Christmas to reduce the trading losses.

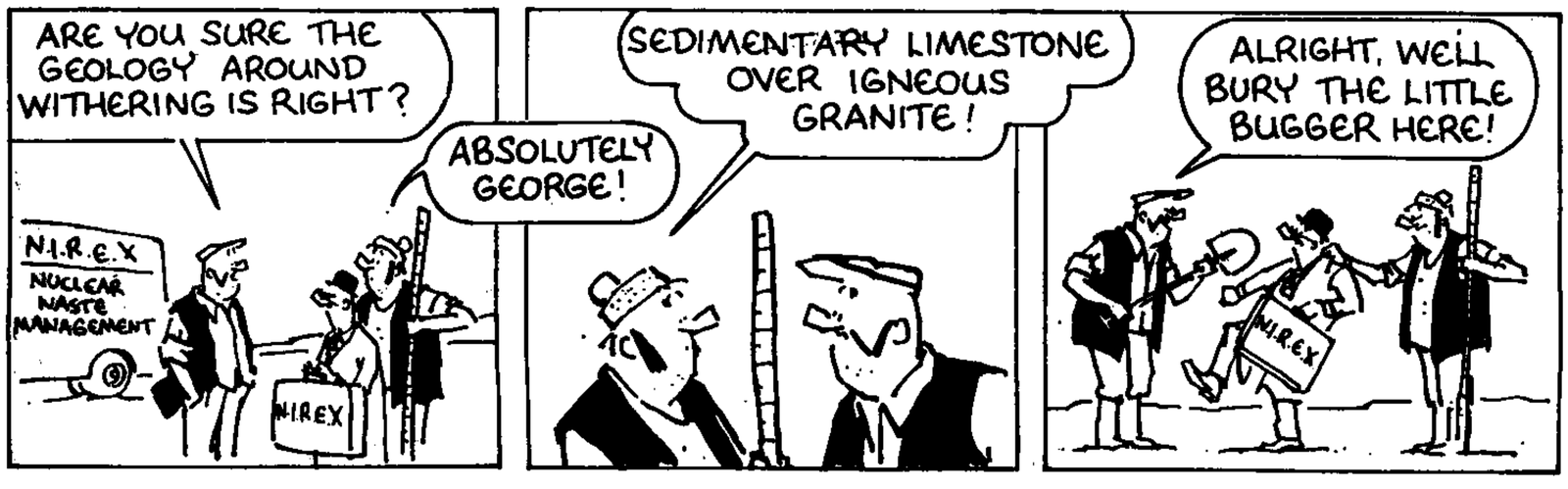
Nevertheless Willy has been keen to protect jobs elsewhere — not least at the Merseyside factory of Monsanto, the chemical giant which makes the genetically engineered milk booster, BST. Of all the 12 European ministers who were called upon to vote for a five year EC-wide moratorium on the use of this disease-inducing drug (see *Eyes passim*), Waldegrave was the only one to vote against.

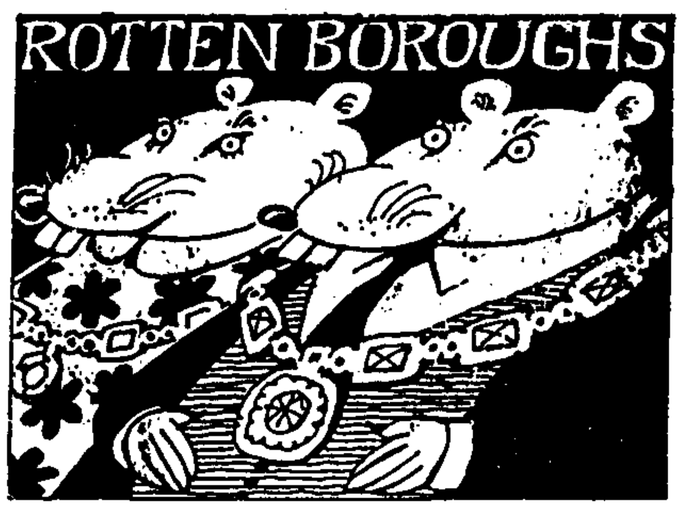
But with redundancies so close at hand — including his own when this sleaze-ridden government is finally thrown out — has Waldegrave been looking to his own future? Watch out for a sudden vacancy on the board of Monsanto...

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT





MANCHESTER

STRANGE things are happening on the Labour backbenches of Britain's non-olympic city where two councillors have gone AWOL.

Deputy social services chairman Gary Betney "disappeared" at the beginning of December, telling party leaders he had personal problems to sort out. Betney, minder to junk food-eating Manchester Withington MP Keith Bradley, promised to be back for Christmas but nothing has been heard from him for five weeks.

Perhaps there is a curse on Betney's seat: the previous incumbent Chris Rogers, also a former social services deputy chairman, was murdered in a bizarre gay orgy stabbing incident (see *Eyes passim*) and was then found to have a torture chamber in his south Manchester cellar.

But Betney is not the only missing member. Fallowfield's Sylvia Done failed to attend a single council or committee meeting in 1994 after hurting her leg outside a Labour party building — but happily she still managed to rake in £2,000 in council allowances, curiously described by husband Roger, a former county councillor, as "sick pay".

Cynically council leader Graham Stringer says she will quit the seat "when the Labour group think it appropriate". So where is Done? For the last 12 months she has been living near Valencia in Spain — a 900-mile trip even beyond the capabilities of Manchester's exciting Metrolink tram system.

Meanwhile the city council is planning to sell £45 million worth of council homes to a local company, the Manchester and District Housing Association. The 1,500 homes will then be refurbished and sold at the market value with a handsome profit going to the association. Everyone will be happy — especially Manchester council housing chairman Dave Lunts, who works in the Manchester and District Association's Stockport office.

LAMBETH

LAMBETH is in hot water (again) over the treatment of three of its own auditors.

Back in 1993 the audit division set up a team to investigate the council's links with ICL, the computer giant, including several lucrative leasing deals that had been struck between the two. The three auditors given the complex task of unravelling the links were said to be making significant discoveries when — wouldn't you know it? — they were abruptly suspended from duty.

In a bizarre twist, the auditors' own division had decided to investigate the three while they conducted the ICL investigation. As part of the investigation of the, er, investigators, Lambeth listened in to their telephone conversations and then suspended them for allegedly making too many personal calls.

Lambeth council chief officers then set up a disciplinary hearing and, despite mitigating circumstances, the three were sacked. They then appealed, and the panel of councillors who heard their appeal found in their favour and ordered that they be reinstated, a decision which was promptly ignored. The sacked auditors then took their case to an industrial tribunal, which also found in their favour and told Lambeth to put them back on the payroll.

Although now being paid again, the council says it cannot find any work for them — not even, for example, carrying on with their ICL investigation. The three are now being paid to stay at home, and they fear that when the next round of job cuts is announced their names will be put at the top of the list.

Meanwhile council taxpayers want to know exactly what it was the three were uncovering prior to their sudden suspension.

MURKEYSIDE

TIMES have certainly changed at Labour-run Liverpool city council since the days when Derek Hatton and chums used taxis to hand out redundancy notices in an effort to save council jobs.

Today's town hall "socialists" are blatantly floating the idea of privatising the direct services organisation (DSO) — which employs most of the council's manual workers — before it is forced to do so under compulsory competitive tendering laws.

Five of the DSO's eight departments run at a considerable loss, and the internal investigation into the DSO's legendary inefficiencies is taking a suspiciously long time to produce a report.

Councillors have not been too pleased with a document revealing the earnings of the top 20 percent of DSO workers, who take home pay packets well in excess of average manual earnings. The computer print-out shows one worker bringing in £1,700 for a single week, and a number of notable shop stewards with weekly pay of between £450 and £1,000. Quite what these payments represent are, as yet, a mystery to the city fathers and mothers.

News that a significant number of workers have been paid twice by mistake has not gone down too well either. It seems the council wages department doesn't know who they are — but hopes those who have been overpaid will get in touch to rectify the mistakes!

Council insiders expect that unless chief executive Peter Bounds comes up with a good explanation for this state of affairs his future will be even more precarious than that of the DSO.

STRATHCLYDE

UNPRECEDENTED heavy rainfall caused death and destruction recently in Paisley, and wreaked havoc in north-east pockets of neighbouring Glasgow.

Ironically, most of Paisley's 450 evacuated families lived in Ferguslie Park — the town's poorest section — and many did not have appropriate insurance cover.

Damages, estimated at £200 million, brought a rather odd response from Scottish secretary Ian Lang, who told the respective Labour controlled councils that they should borrow the money to clean up the mess — and then waited 17 days until he made a "private visit" to flood-ravaged Paisley.

Equally strange, perhaps, was the attitude displayed by some Labour councillors. Coincidental to the "natural" disaster was a visit by members of the European parliament to study social problems at Ferguslie Park. On the evening following the devastation, Renfrew district council actually hosted a civic reception for its Euro visitors claiming "it would have been extremely discourteous not to have offered some form of hospitality".

In Glasgow, when a concerned councillor proposed that each of the city's 79 waterlogged families should be awarded a £2,000 grant, this practical motion was swiftly rejected — but not so the decision to send councillors and officials on a fact-finding mission to Japan at a cost of £102,000.

LAUGHTER WITH THE EAST END HEAVIES

FURTHER EDUCATION NEWS

HATS OFF to the managers at Chesterfield college who successfully introduced "flexible" contracts: the extra workload has improved working conditions so much that there were four heart attacks on the premises last term alone.

Class sizes have also rocketed recently, but without a comparable increase in adequate accommodation. Not that senior managers have shared their students' hard times: they've just had a luxury senior management suite built in some of the college's best rooms.

It was a row over the science laboratories, however, that angered students the most. The labs were originally built to allow 16 students at a time to mess around with sticky substances in test tubes. Now there are more than 20 students per lab — despite safety implications you don't need an A level in statistics to work out. Staff who complained about this were assured that some of the students were bound to be off sick.

Meanwhile in the south-west, hard times have fallen on staff of South Devon college. All lecturers there who have refused to sign new contracts have had their pay frozen. Why the fuss? Because new terms of employment would halve holiday entitlement and take away limits on teaching time. The wage freeze set in back in September 1993 and affects most teaching staff.

Still, Dr Terence Keen, the college principal, started his new year with a bit more in the bank. When he took up his post it was advertised at a modest £50,000 a year. Recent accounts showed he earned £70,000 in the year to July 1994. While wage-frozen staff eye his £20,000 pay rise hungrily, union officials think it a conservative estimate when extras like performance-related pay and annual pension contributions are added.

ELECTRICITY NEWS

MORE news on the brilliant privatisation of Northern Ireland Electricity (NIE), which resulted in directors immediately getting pay rises of up to 33 percent while staff in company shops were told to expect 20 percent-plus cuts in take home pay (see *Eye* 860.)

Happily the latter move ran into problems with equal opportunity laws, the overwhelming majority of those facing cuts being women, while their fellow predominantly male workers in the rest of the company received small pay rises. British Gas may yet find its equally fair pay policy stymied by similar considerations.

Meanwhile, the Commons public accounts committee will soon be able to discuss the Northern Ireland auditor and comptroller general's verdict on the NIE privatisation as a whole. His report shows that the government's consultants managed simultaneously to overestimate the cost of generating electricity and the amount of capital expenditure required by the new owners.

According to the report: "This would mean that either consumer pricing was set higher than necessary or the worth of the company was not fully realised in proceeds." Translated by Belfast economist John Simpson, NIE's sale brought the treasury £774 million but should have raised up to £900 million — or resulted in lower prices for consumers.

MPs should also be interested in the auditor's finding that one power station was sold for £6.5 million despite having been officially valued at £18 million; while two others were initially sold for a combined total of £270 million, but for no obvious reason the government later agreed to accept just £214 million.

Similarly British Gas successfully offered £150.5 million for one station at Ballylumford but, according to the report, later told the government it "had made an error of some £18.5 million in the compilation of its bid." Naturally the ever helpful chaps at Stormont simply allowed British Gas to knock this sum from its payment without asking any awkward questions.

LAST QUANGO IN PARIS

QUANGO NEWS

AFTER a stream of scandals involving Welsh quangos, John Redwood, the Welsh secretary, paid accountants KPMG Peat Marwick £175,000 to review their activities and propose improvements.

The real problem, of course, is that bodies like the Welsh Development Agency and the Development Board for Rural Wales, are out of control, with no effective monitoring by Redwood's own Welsh office. The minister's response to the review? To cut 400 Welsh office jobs, reducing still further his office's ability to scrutinise the quangos.

Ironically one of the few quangos to come through the review virtually unscathed, Tai Cymru/Housing for Wales, has been rewarded by having its budget cut by 20 percent next year. This massive cut attracted no public protest from its chairman, however, John Allen, who gets £30,730 for a 2.5 day week at Tai Cymru (plus £8,985 for one day a week as deputy chairman of the Land Authority for Wales).

Is this his only reward for such faithful service? Not quite. Arise *Sir* John Allen, knighted in the new year's honours list for services to... the housing association movement!

Letters

Silly forker

Sir,

Further to your scurrilous and inaccurate piece in Media News in last week's PRIVATE EYE re our celebrity Z-list and journoslag seasonal frenzy, may I correct a couple of points. Firstly, it was in fact a fork which was inserted up my right nostril and a spoon up the left nostril (not teaspoons up each nostril as you so vulgarly contend). Finally, since when has the best single malt whisky (with which I ignited my chest hair) been known as lighter fluid?

With a song in my heart and my finger on the truth, yours as ever,

MARK BORKOWSKI,

London W2.

A cure for piles

Sir,

Nooks & Corners, EYE 862. What Piloti fails to mention is that the rather undistinguished but relatively inoffensive mock Georgian pile in Kennington Road replaced a much smaller unusual plain and attractive pre-war building which deserved listing.

I personally will never forgive the Prince of Wales for encouraging this piece of blinkered cultural vandalism. Keep up the good work!

IAN BRIANT,

London SW4.

Honourable friends

Sir,

While it is certainly true Brenda was advised by Lord Owen of Split to give Comrade Ceausescu a knighthood, a lot of the groundwork for Nicolae's disastrous visit was done when the Grocer was prime minister.

A junior foreign office minister under Baillie Vass was Julian Amery. Having served in Albania for SOE, Amery fancied himself as a Balkan expert and was dead keen on the idea of the comrade visiting this country. Had Grocer won the 1974 election, the comrade would still have had his state visit and would still have been sold a crummy job lot of BAC 1-11 aircraft. And he would still have tried to pay for them with a fruit harvest.

Apart from Julian Amery, other Tory MPs who were not exactly critical of him included Ray Mawby, Jack Aspinwall, Margaret Thatcher ("I was most impressed with Ceausescu's personality"), Grocer, Cecil Parkinson and Andrew Hunter.

NB: Ceausescu was also a terrific friend of Tricky Dicky, and visited Washington DC twice when Nixon was president.

In toatea dragostea,
TOM CARTER,

Somerton, Somerset.

Game plan

Sir,

Re. Andersen antics. Mike Yates (EYE 862) offers a vigorous but unconvincing defence of his employers: it will surely earn him at least a pat on the back from a senior partner. He misses the point.

Few, if any, suppose that Andersen's would promote a policy diametrically against the interests of their client. So crude a tactic would be readily spotted by critics. The name of the game is "conflict of interests". Are we seriously expected to imagine that an employee, well aware that one outcome would be more favourable to the firm's commercial interests than another, will erect a mental Chinese wall, so that these weighty matters do not influence the analysis, even in subtle ways?

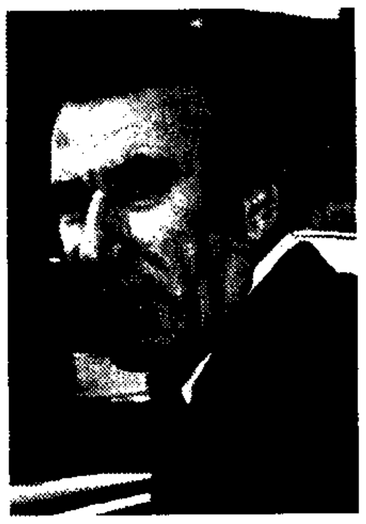
Yates gives away the game by his claim that Andersen's motive in taking on "public interest" work is simply high-minded altruism (whoever mentioned fat fees?) Staff, mindful of the risk of redundancy, will of course greet a new source of work with enthusiasm. Chuck it, Yates!

ALAN COCK,

Southampton.

Lookalike

Brillo



Model

Sir,

You can't keep a good man down! I was pleased to see that Andrew Neil, following his career reverses in 1994, is now building an exciting new life for himself as an advertising model.

Best wishes.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES LEE

W. Sussex.

Lookalike

Sir,

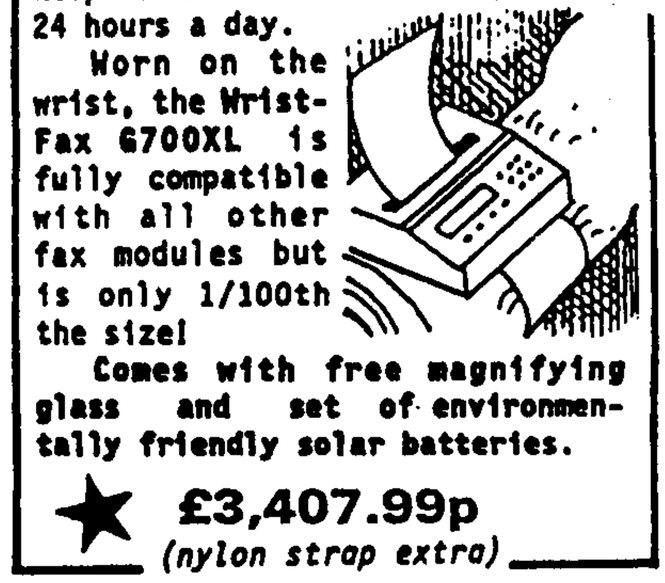
Had any of your readers noticed the amazing similarity between the product advertised at £3,407.99 in PE no. 731 (Xmas '89 issue), and that shown in THE DAILY TELEGRAPH of 3rd Jan 95?

THE TELEGRAPH expects us to believe that the BT Wrist Fax will not be available for 3 or 4 years. And then at a price of £5,000!

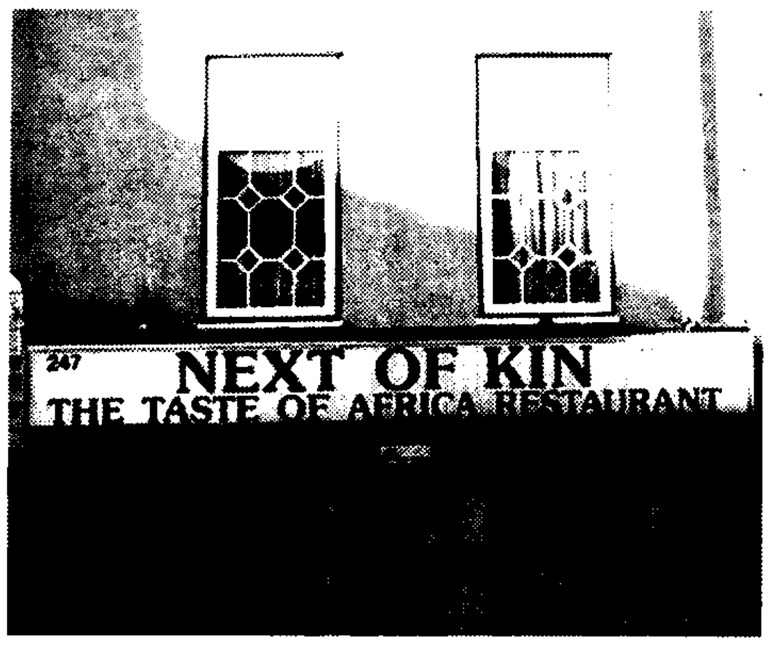
Full marks to anyone who purchased the PE product at a mere £3,400. Someone really ought to tell BT that such a vital piece of kit to the modern thrusting business executive was available over 5 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT BEISLEY,

Colchester, Essex.


keep in touch with vital contact.
24 hours a day.
Worn on the wrist, the Wrist-Fax 6700XL is fully compatible with all other fax modules but is only 1/100th the size!
Comes with free magnifying glass and set of environmentally friendly solar batteries.
£3,407.99p
(nylon strap extra)

I-SPY *Upton Park, London E17*



Submitted by C.N. Campbell. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Out of condition

Sir,

Whatever the "mysterious virus" is (Water News, EYE 860), it certainly isn't the Guillain-Barré syndrome (GBS) as suggested by your correspondent (Letters, EYE 861) who, claiming to be a victim of the "mysterious virus" of the West Wales beaches, was diagnosed as suffering from GBS.

GBS is not a virus. It is a rare, inflammatory condition of the peripheral (not central) nerves caused by the autoimmune system turning traitor and often follows a precondition such as a viral infection, gastroenteritis, vaccination or an operation.

GBS is not contagious which may explain why your correspondent was not asked about his whereabouts in the week before his collapse. It is possible that his attack of GBS was "triggered" by the "mysterious virus" but it could have been something else. Whatever the initial precondition, GBS would have been a very rare consequence.

Yours faithfully,
ANDY LEITCH,
Guillain-Barré Syndrome Support Group of the United Kingdom.

Hair raising

Sir,

I'm not quite sure where Michael Portillo acquired his map-reading skills, but it certainly was not at Harrow (HP Sauce, EYE 861). The delectable employment secretary was educated at Harrow County grammar school, now Gayton High School — not to be confused with the famous public school. In any case, the real question — as all true Portillo watchers are aware — is not one of geography, but rather of physics, namely: **how** *does he get his hair to stand up like that?*

Yours sincerely,
OLIVIA O'SULLIVAN,
Cork, Ireland.

Change of heart

Sir,

Was Square Eyes on the Christmas nog a little early this year? In the festive edition you mentioned "Christmas Heartbreak" —it's actually HEARTBEAT, although heartburn might be more apt. Also the late Karen Carpenter's brother is Richard not "David" and I can confirm he is definitely not late since he was over here a few weeks ago. Has Square Eyes had too many late nights?

PHIL HUGHES,
Theydon Bois, Essex.

PS: Almost persuaded to take out the subscription.

Mirror image

Sir,

Marvellous darlings, but where's my trophy????

On behalf of myself and all the "friends" I made in sunny Batheaston in the summer I would like to thank you for the prestigious kamikaze award.

This is the second award I have received this year since my recent departure from THE SUN. My new chums at the SUNDAY MIRROR last week voted me Best Dressed Man in the office — but I am told it was almost a TIE.

Once again, many thanks for the award and for spelling my name incorrectly.

Happy New Year,
DAMIAN LAZARUS,
Address unknown.

Please address letters for publication to Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or e-mail to strobes@cix.compulink.co.uk (marked "For Publication"). Due to the overwhelming response, e-mail is unlikely to receive a reply.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Bridge-building is a two-way street..."
JONATHAN AITKEN, World at One
(M. Toy)

"UN goodwill may be a bottomless pit but it's by no means limitless."
JOHN MAJOR, ITV
(Irene Powell)

Michael Parkinson: *Well, you've won £250 worth of book tokens. What'll you do with them, then?*
Contestant: *Buy books.*
Countdown, Channel 4
(James Langan)

"To coin a phrase, he was a phoenix with nine lives."
SIMON HEFFER, Radio 4
(Joe Monk)

"The monarchy should be a symbol of a classless society."
HOME SECRETARY
(Paul Perry)

Postcard from **Abu Dhabi**

from Our Own Correspondent

OUR once oil-rich purse is now empty, thanks to the feudal clique who've made such a bollocks of running our country's finances.

First off the emir of Abu Dhabi — "*L'état, c'est moi*" — got caught owning most of the Bank of Cocaine & Colombia International when it went bust with depositors' cash missing. Fearful of insurrection at home and bad publicity abroad, he and his cronies have been handing out $4 billion in "compensation packages" of up to 100 percent of the alleged deposits whether genuine or not. Even your boneheaded local authority bosses in the UK, whose gambling flings at BCCI backfired, are being given nearly 40 percent of their lost stakes.

But the pay-outs are peanuts compared to the billions of dollars lashed out by the United Arab Emirates council of sheiks in their recent frenzy of arms-buying from your western merchants of death. The UAE, a statelet of fewer than two million citizens, is now one of Britain's two biggest arms customers. You name it, we've bought it — the equivalent of providing each family in the UAE with a fighter plane and two tanks.

In October, just after Saddam's heroes began marching again towards the Americans' oil fields which stretch from Kuwait down through Dhahran to Abu Dhabi and Dubai, the CIA minder at the UAE's main defence base had a hot flush when he saw the freshly-recruited flower of Arab Emirates' manhood getting their own fleet of Mercedes and Porsche sportscars ready for a fast run across the mountains to the safety of Oman and the Indian Ocean exitway. The base's vast array of new tanks, guns and armoured personnel carriers were being left in a state of non-alert.

What with the usual "gifts" and "commissions" which have doubled the prices of all this military hardware, the UAE officials have had to do something about cash-flow. One act of financial genius has been to stop paying some of the more powerless civilian contractors — such as a large group of British teachers, whose members include instructors at the UAE's new showpiece Technical Studies Institute.

Some teachers are now said to be suing the UAE embassy in the high court and complaining to the Advertising Standards Authority. Still, this will make work for the sheiks' handsomely-paid British publicists, lawyers, and political pals who will have a job explaining why it's a good thing to lure teachers to work in a sun-kissed paradise where BCCI pay-offs and arms-deal kickbacks take precedence over teachers' salaries.

HOM SAP BY DAVID AUSTIN

No horoscope

Because of unforeseen problems, we are unable to bring you today's horoscope by Patrick Walker. We apologise for it. It will be back on this page tomorrow.

Fiji Times

FUNNY OLD WORLD

O "To have your false teeth jammed between the cheeks of someone else's buttocks would strain the patience of even the most mild-mannered person," defence solicitor Timothy Van-Rees told a Welsh court. "If someone gets a couple of slaps to the head after something like that, they only have themselves to blame."

Earlier, the prosecution had told the court how a curry-eating contest between Bernard Davies, Martin Harding, and others in Llandrindod Wells had got out of hand: "The men had been drinking heavily before they entered the Dilraj restaurant and, after consuming a further 10 pints of lager, they arranged a 'hottest curry in the house contest'. Davies lost, then took out his false teeth and put them in his curry. Somehow the teeth then found their way around the table, and several other contestants put them in their mouths. One of them, Neil Watson, decided to drop his trousers and, by means which never became clear, the teeth became lodged in his bottom. When Davies realised that his teeth were nowhere to be seen, he became agitated, accused Mr Harding of thieving, shouted 'come on then, I can take you' at him, rubbed lime pickle into his eyes, punched him several times in the head, and split his cheek with a kick from the knee. It was a nasty business."

Summarising the case for the defence, Van-Rees told the court: "The horseplay ceased to be a light-hearted jape when somebody, it doesn't matter who but certainly not the defendant, inserted the teeth between another diner's buttocks." Davies pleaded guilty to a charge of assault, but later protested: "When the old set were returned to me, I couldn't use them, they were all bent. I had to have a new set made, at a cost of £280, and they're no good. The poppadoms got stuck under my upper plate." *(Brecon and Radnor Advertiser, 29/12/94. Spotter — Les Wilkins)*

—O—

O "Mr Negaste's story has been a tissue of lies from start to finish," Martin Beddoe told Judge Patrick Halnan in Cambridge Crown Court. "After all, if God really did come to Cambridge, surely he would choose to live in Kings or Trinity, not the Open University."

Martin Beddoe was leading the prosecution case in the trial of Negusa Negaste (formerly Neville Laing, of Suez Road, Cambridge), accused of assault: "On August 27, Mr Negaste entered the Open University's offices in Hills Road, carrying a 5ft wooden cross and accompanied by his pet goat. Once inside, he informed the receptionist that he was God, and that he had returned to Earth. He also said that he had decided hence-

forth to live on the premises, and that she should inform her superiors immediately so that they could start building a shrine and worshipping him. At this point another employee, Peter Yates, tried to intervene, and a brief discussion ensued. But suddenly Mr Negaste announced that his pet goat had just told him that Mr Yates was in fact a cannibal and a murderer, and he began hitting him around the face with his cross. Mr Yates was taken to Addenbrooke's Hospital, and needed three stitches to a head wound."

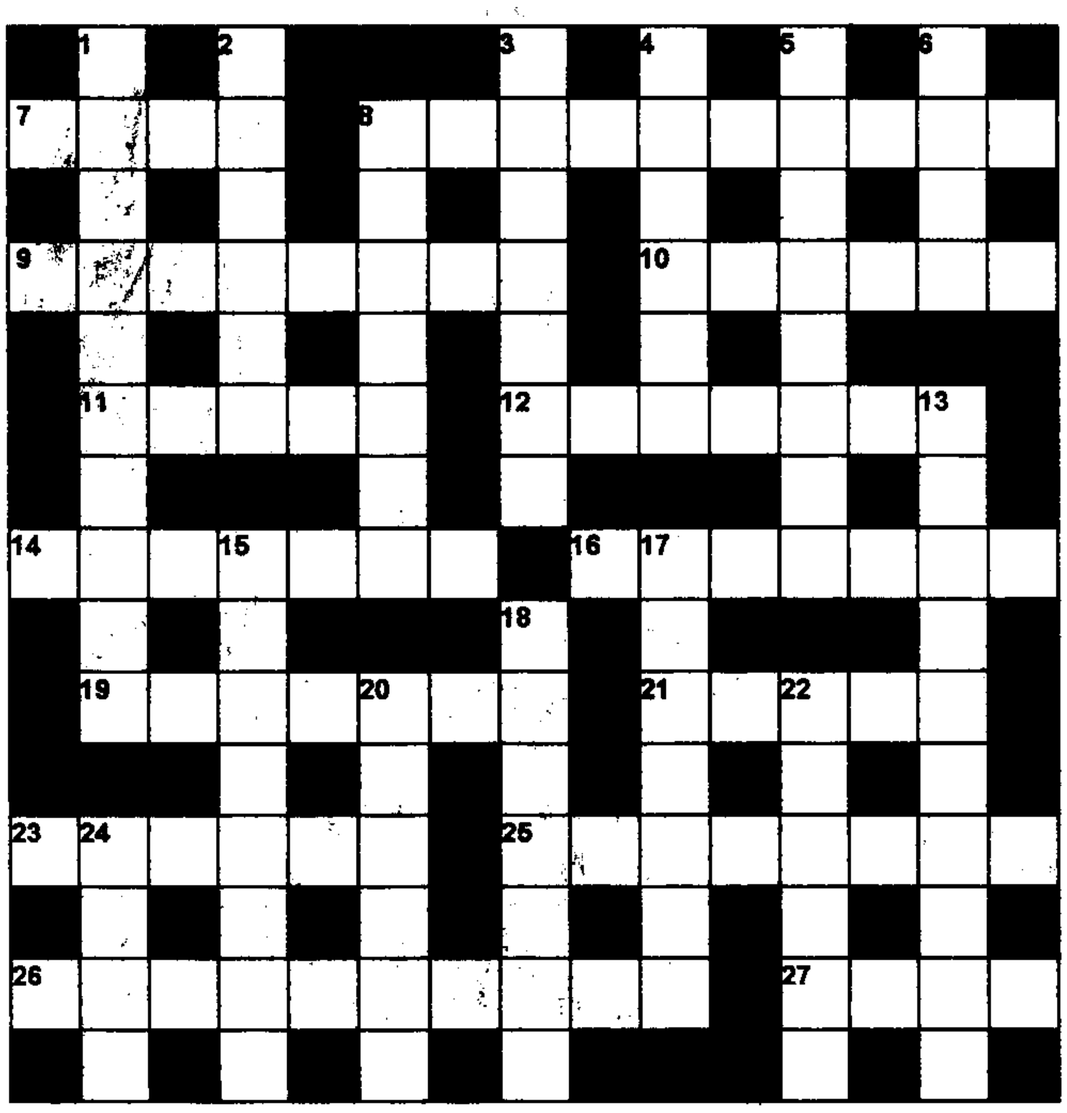
Negaste, who admitted causing actual bodily harm, refused to withdraw his claim of divinity, but asked for leniency on the grounds of diminished responsibility. Sentence was adjourned, pending medical reports. *(Cambridge Evening News, 24/11/94. Spotter — Pete Halasovski)*

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 19 by Cyclops

£100 Winner REX BAINES



ACROSS

7 Sweet thing, Charlie's one-time indulgence (4)
8 Real look, say, of government hype (10)
9/16 Live, as seen on tv, amounts to a load of balls (8,7)
10 This should shift the sod Murdoch! (6)
11 It's good in Martinique with Squidgy on the beach (5)
12 Send back all the books written by one author about Di — you can't get much lower than that! (4,3)
14 MPs collectively trampled on by all and sundry (7)
16 (see 9)
19 Hasty withdrawal from Europe — that's the spirit! (7)
21 Bang step-daughter — there's something of Woody Allen's affliction in that! (5)
23 Second act of plagiarism end of the hack? (6)
25 Stuff nothing into bra: Mother Teresa's dead against it (8)
26 Being of no further use, Ronnie started dude organisation with Nancy (10)
27 (see 8dn)

DOWN

1 It might form such clots as found in Charlie, Andy, Edward, etc. (5,5)
2 Crap subject for parliamentary debate (6)
3 New Seekers as the government would have them called? (7)
4 Pacifist personality suppressed by Goering and Himmler (6)
5 Royal needs place to sell kinky gear inside (8)
6 3 put more negatively, Ridley has it (4)
8/27 Holiday home with pool provided a source of income for Maxwell (7,4)
13 Hack has most vile erection on earth (10)
15 Is UN more about how Delors should be addressed? (8)
17 Batty, pointless, getting a person of Major's ilk to make fine speech (7)
18 State of this nation: being supported by a relative of Di! (7)
20 She was ridiculously well-heeled (6)
22 Do it together: have sex but don't mount (3,3)
24 That leaves Maggie a sexily-clad performer (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 20.01.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 18

ACROSS: 7 Cold Turkey 9 (see 6) 10/21 Absentee Father 11 Armani 12 (see 21) 14/19/4 Comes But Once A Year 16 Fashion 17 The Pill 20 Stuff 22 Out Of Work 24 Scatty 25 On Parade 27 Arse 38 Incandesce

DOWN: 1 Boob 2 Idle Rich 3 Quotation 4 (see 14) 5 Akimbo 6/9 Chancellor Kohl 8 Keenan 13 Health Care 15 Phnom Penh 18 Powergen 19 (see 14) 21/12 Father Christmas 23 Kylie 26 Dick

STOP THIS INHUMAN TRADE NOW

Waldegrave row continues

by Our Agricultural Correspondent
Andrew Veall of the Sunday Times and Daily Mail

ANIMAL rights protestors again picketed the House of Commons to protest against the appalling treatment of Mr William Waldegrave, described as "a dumb animal kept alive in terrible conditions".

The protestors claim to have seen a pallid Waldegrave put in a train from Somerset where he was crammed into a restaurant compartment with four other men in suits reading the *Telegraph*. "They were fed only on the InterCity Sizzler which, as everyone knows, contains no nutrients at all."

Veal Eat Again

They claimed that Waldegrave was then unceremoniously packed into a pen or bench in the House of Commons where he was forced to sit day and night with other pathetic creatures all shouting and braying with panic.

But Waldegrave's owner, Mr Major, refuted the claims of cruelty. "Waldegrave enjoys it," he told reporters. "He has been bred for this very purpose — at Eton. If we let him out he would be a danger to himself."

Protestors were unconvinced. Said one: "Mr Waldegrave has been reduced to a whimpering wreck who does not even know the time of day. He is kept in the dark and fed nothing but rubbish."

Mr Major had the last word. "It is silly people getting sentimental about Waldegrave. He is for the chop shortly and it doesn't matter how I treat him since he is going to be destroyed anyway."

Mr Waldegrave is £2,000 per pound.

---

222 Tues 7, Weds 8 & Thurs 9 Feb
BRITISH RAILWAYS BOARD
Unfortunately, at the time of going to press this organisation was unable to specify its 1995 recruitment needs. When we receive information details will be published in FUTURES and in the OCRP Update.

University of Sheffield recruitment prospectus

"It's his last bit of DIY."

HOWARD CRACKS DOWN

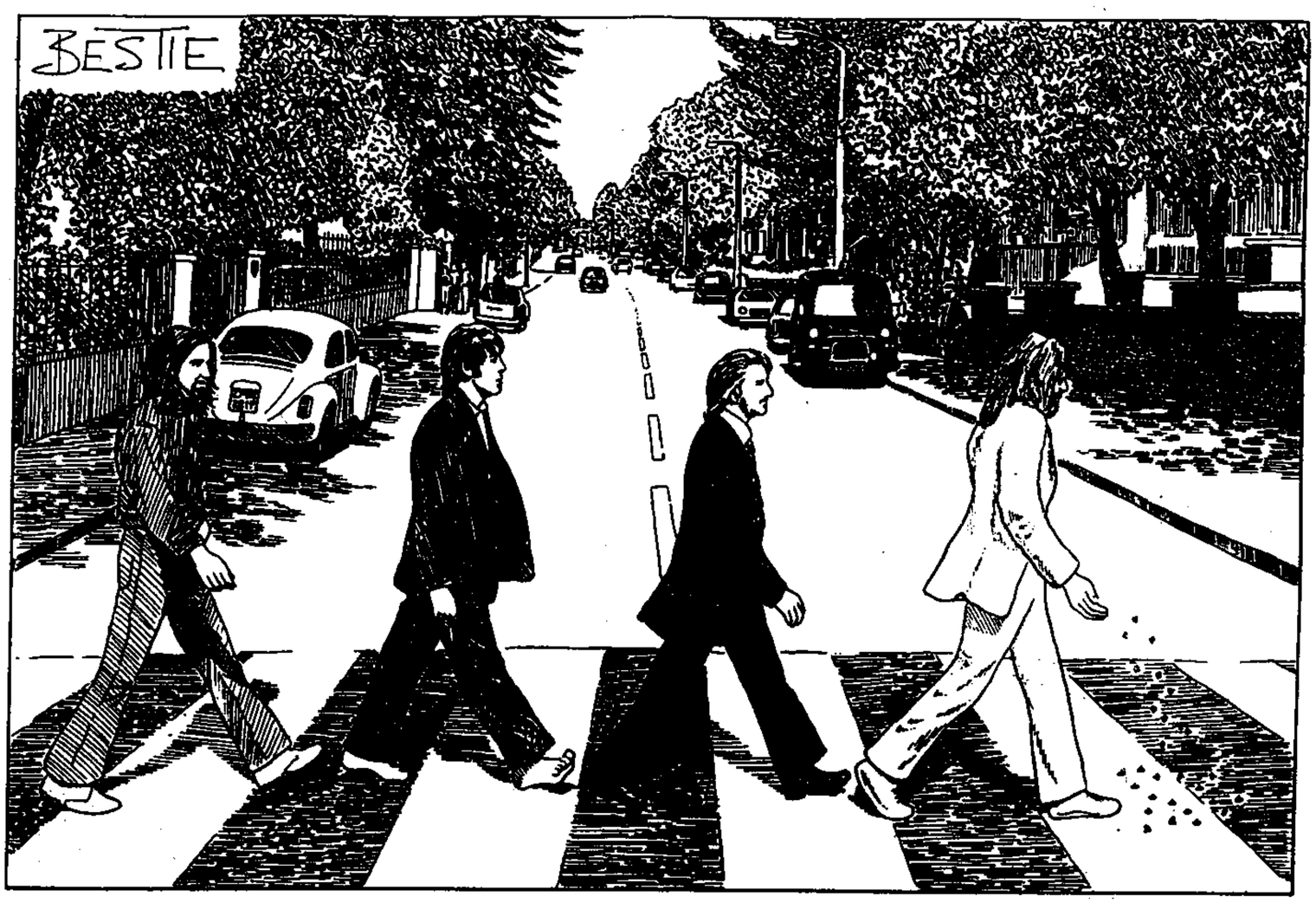
TV Highlights — BBC2

Was Richard The Sweetheart in fact a Warrior King?

HISTORIAN Terry Jones examines controversial new evidence which seems to show that the celebrated homosexual, mass-murderer Richard I may also have been a closet King of England.

"You won't believe it," promises TV's whacky ex-Python turned Regius Professor of Modern History. "I'm lifting the lid on one of the most disgraceful episodes in English History — ie why I am given licence payers' money to romp around in fancy dress talking bollocks."

STAR RATING: One to Miss.



While recording *Abbey Road*, there were signs of growing animosity between John and Paul

A Cabbie writes

Every week a well-known taxi driver discusses an issue of topical importance. This week: **Kevin Stothard** (Cab No. 375501).

See about that bloke West who murdered all them women and then paved 'em all in? 'E's only gorn and topped himself, hasn't he? Bastard! He's cheated justice, hasn't he? Now there won't be a proper trial or nuffink. I was really lookin' forward to readin' all about that. Bloody cheek! Now we'll never know what 'e done. I mean, 'e probably murdered 'undreds of people and now he's just got away with it. I tell you what we should do wiv blokes who try that on — string 'em up. It's the only language they understand. I 'ad that Dennis Nilssen in the back of the cab once. Very nice bloke, as it happens.

NEXT WEEK: Melvyn Marckus (Cab no. 951) on why Ernest Saunders should be let out (surely 'strung up'? Ed).

They met when their shared belief in Buddhism drew them to a party held by the Dalai Lama. "They like to discuss philosphy together," said a friend.
"She is a highly sensitive girl who would rather medicate than party."

Daily Express

Great Bores Of Today

"... do you realise how fast we're going now? 186 miles an hour you wouldn't think so would you? you'd hardly think we were moving and you'd have no idea we were under the Channel amazing it's the most civilised way to travel none of those awful booze cruises or waiting for your flight to be delayed ha ha and when you arrive you come out and you're right slap in the middle of Paris the Gard du Nord what about that then? you can leave Waterloo at eight in the morning do a day's work on the train or you might get lucky like that chappie with his girlfriend ha ha ha no but seriously you get there for lunch at La Coupole they do a wonderful FF160 menu 12 escargots fantastic Boudin Blanc and you should see the wine list then you can sleep it off on the way home and you're back in time for dinner it's the most civilised way to travel you'd hardly notice we're moving hallo we *aren't* moving oh god we're stuck let me off we're all going to die..."

NO OFFENCE, GARY, BUT DO WE HAVE TO WATCH YET ANOTHER TV INTERVIEW WITH YOU TALKING ABOUT THE BREAK-UP OF YOUR MARRIAGE?
I MEAN DEBS, WHO YOU'VE LEFT OVER AN AFFAIR WITH A YOUNGER WOMAN, WAS AND IS A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE...
YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THIS IS A TOTALLY BIASED VIEW. I'M GETTING THE STORY FROM JUST ONE SIDE HERE...
TURN IT OVER AND LETS WATCH DEBS ON ITV.
OKAY. BUT YOU'LL MISS THE BIT WHERE I ALMOST START CRYING.
ZAP

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

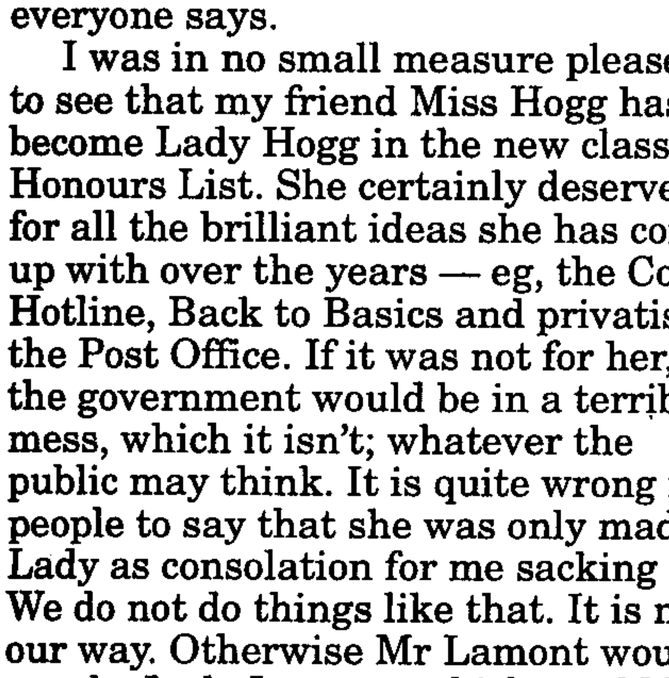
Monday

Another very successful year is just beginning. I am now the 25th longest serving prime minister of all time. I have already passed Mr Callaghan, Mr Heath and the Marquess of Aberdeen. At least, this is what I have been told by my speech writer Mr Norris. Soon I will have been here longer than Mr Gladstone, Mr Pitt the Younger and even, dare I say it, the woman whose name I never mention — if I win the next two elections, as I will. Oh yes. I gave a special New Year message to the Party to cheer them up. Not that they need cheering up. Oh no. I told them, in the words of Mr Norris, that the "feelgood factor" is just round the corner, at the end of the tunnel, and that the Government is actually nowhere near as unpopular as everyone says.

I was in no small measure pleased to see that my friend Miss Hogg has become Lady Hogg in the new classless Honours List. She certainly deserves it for all the brilliant ideas she has come up with over the years — eg, the Cones Hotline, Back to Basics and privatising the Post Office. If it was not for her, the government would be in a terrible mess, which it isn't; whatever the public may think. It is quite wrong for people to say that she was only made a Lady as consolation for me sacking her. We do not do things like that. It is not our way. Otherwise Mr Lamont would now be Lady Lamont, which would be ridiculous!

Tuesday

The so-called "New" Labour Party are pathetic, and are showing that they completely have feet of straw, in my judgement. Within hours of announcing that they would have VAT on school fees, Mr Blair announced



of dead bodies lay unburied because the dustmen were on strike?"

"Brilliant," I said. "I will never vote Labour again."

Friday

As usual I stayed up all night listening to the very exciting news of the Test Match. I must say, the press look very silly, having said that we were a hopeless team of no-good incompetents, led by a complete wimp. In fact, Mr Atherton and his team have pulled off a historic draw, which shows that you should not write people off just because they are no good.

that they would not, after all. "They are behaving just like you," said my wife Norman, as we were eating our new M & S Euro-croissants with almond and date filling. "No," I told her, "we have never said that we would put VAT on school fees", although it is quite a good idea when you think about it. I must tell my friend Mr Clarke to put it in his next budget. Certainly it would annoy Mr Hurd, Mr Waldegrave and Mr Blair, who all went to public schools!

Wednesday

Mr Howard has come in yet again to not offer me his resignation. This time he has let lots more prisoners escape, just like Sir Norman Fowler used to do from his Group 4 vans. But Mr Howard had a very good explanation. "It is not my fault," he said. "The Prison Service has now become a Next Steps Agency, ie a semi-autonomous, non-accountable body." "What does that mean?" I asked him. "It means that it is not my fault," he said. After he left I wondered whether we could have one of these agencies to take over the government. Then I wouldn't have to resign if things went wrong, which they haven't. Oh no.

Thursday

There is a silly story in the newspapers saying that a top-secret new committee has been set up of 12 "wise men (and women)" to stop me making mistakes. This cannot be true, since I do not make any mistakes. To confirm this I asked all the twelve members of my new advisory committee whether they could think of any mistakes I had made. They were all silent for quite a long time, which proves they could not think of any.

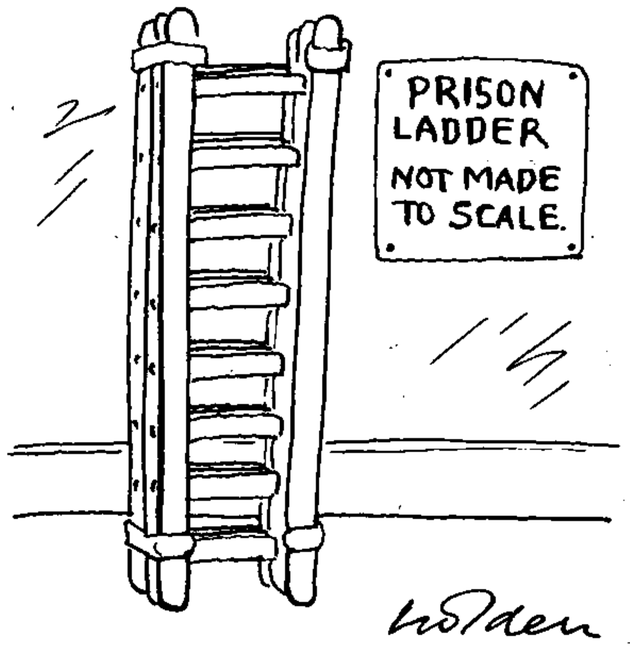
After the meeting Mr Hanley came in shouting: "A great new plan to win us the election." "How many letters?" I asked him. "No, prime minister," he said. "It's not the crossword. It is a list of all the terrible things that happened when we last had a Labour government. All we have to do is read out my list on television and no one will ever want to vote for Mr Blair again." "Alright," I said, "let us pretend that I am the electorate, and you are me reading it out on a party political broadcast." He began to read. "First, the three-day week. Oh no, sorry, forget that one. What about huge killer rats roaming the streets while millions

Saturday

Mr Portfolio has made another of his epeeches in which he tries to become Leader of the Party. This time he pretended his speech was about Ethics — not the place where I am very popular!! — but the fact that people cannot tell the difference between right and wrong.

"Or extreme right and wrong," said my friend Mr Clarke at our routine weekend Cabinet meeting. This made everybody laugh except Mr Portfolio. And me, because I did not understand what he meant.

"The difference is that I am right and Mr Portfolio is wrong," I explained in my new stern putting-our-house-in-order voice. This time Mr Portfolio laughed very loudly.



Sunday

Today I was on Sir David Frost's television programme and I was the main guest —not just reviewing the newspapers, oh no! Sir David wanted to ask me my opinion about all kinds of important issues of the day. Luckily I knew the answers to every one because Mr Meyer, my press officer, had written them down for me beforehand.

"I am ruling out a referendum until I have to have one," I told him in my ruling-things-out voice.

Sir David was speechless, but my next answer made him even more speechless.

"And if the rebels keep voting against me I'm going to give them the Whip back."

After the show Sir David congratulated me on my "super, wonderful" performance. "You really showed everyone that you are a man who knows his own mind," he said. "Do you think so?" I replied. "I'm not sure. Perhaps I do." Oh yes. Or is it oh no?

Poetry Corner

In Memoriam
Fanny Craddock

So, Farewell
Then
Fanny Craddock.

First TV
Chef.

Keith's Mum
Remembers you.
She says you were
Very rude to
Your husband,
Johnny.

Although at the
Time he was
Only your
Partner and

You married
Later.

"Johnny, you bloody
Fool, you've ruined
The sauce."

That apparently
Was your catchphrase.

No wonder he
Didn't want to
Marry you
Before.

E.J. Thribb (17½ minutes in the oven at Regulo 5)

PS. And here's one I
Did earlier.

So, Farewell
Then Leigh
Bowery.

I don't know
Who you are,

Or should
I say
Were.

E.J.T.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Why Major is wrong about the Shwinging Shixties

by W.F. Deedesh (106)

SO, Mr Major is hoping to scare the voters by summoning up the nightmarish spectre of life in Britain under Harold Wilson's Labour government of 1964.

I wonder whether this is wise. Those of us who are old enough to remember the time look back on it as a golden age. How we danced to the music of Mr Jagger and his Rolling Stones, whilst all around us mini-skirted girls twisted the night away with gay abandon.

We read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* while smoking our "joints". We walked down the King's Road, in our flared loon trousers and haddock ties, laughing innocently at the satirical humour of a new magazine called *Beyond The Fringe*.

All this we owed to Harold Wilson and his band of merry men. Was it so bad?

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. But to be 70 was very heaven.

Is this enough? W.D. (117)

A Doctor writes
Alzheimer's Disease

AS A Doctor I am often asked "Is Ernest Saunders innocent?" The simple answer is of course not.

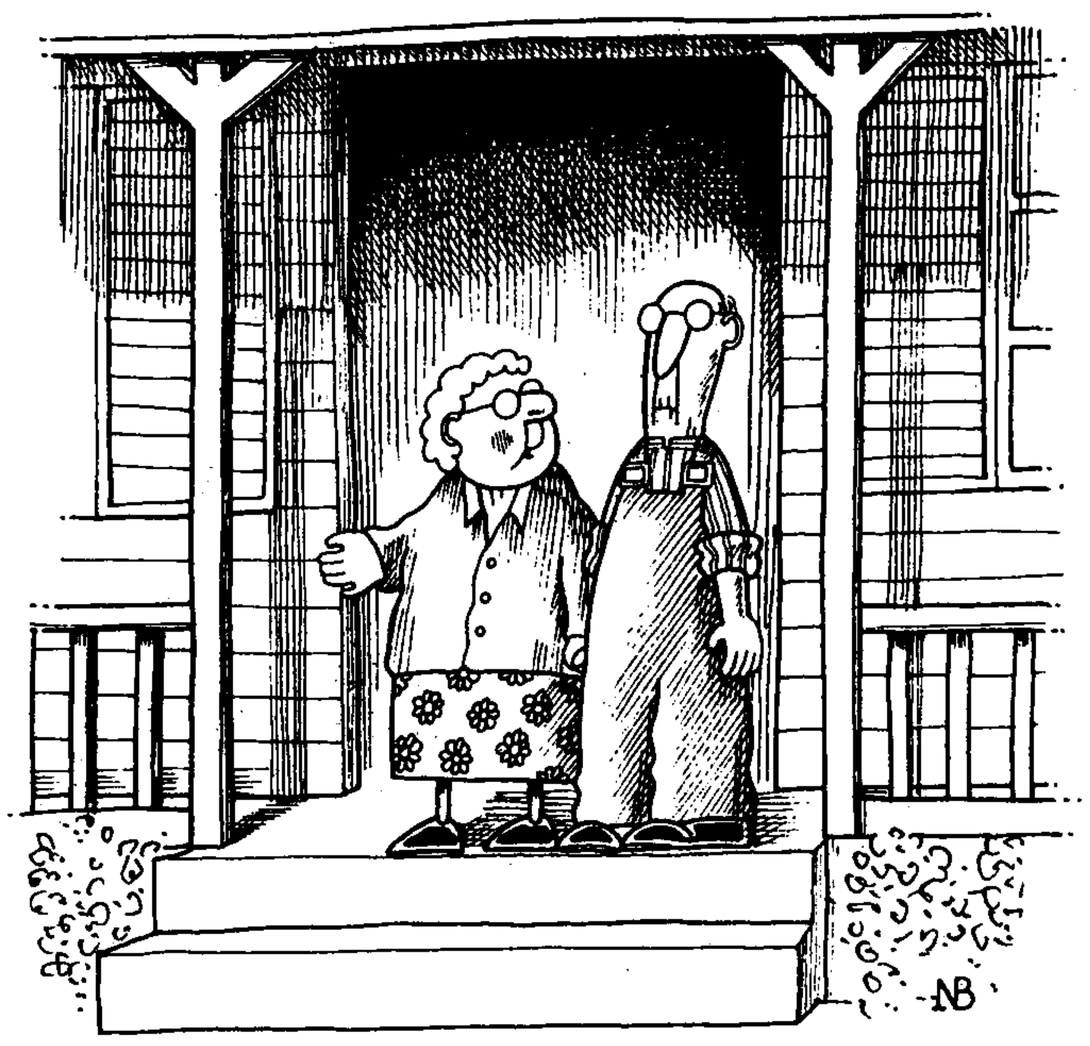
What happens is that the public experiences a mild form of collective Alzheimer's Disease or *Guinnus fraudus forgetfulous* as it is known to us doctors.

As a result of this the country begins to suffer from delusions, including a belief that Saunders and his friends were only convicted on some technicality and that it was all a long time ago.

The only known treatment for this failure of memory is to go back and look at the facts — ie they were all in it up to their necks.

If you suddenly find yourself forgetting that Mr Saunders is guilty, you are probably a member of the European Commission and should seek medical advice at once.

©A. Doctor



"It's a lovely day, Elmer. Let's go kill an abortionist"

To The Editor of The Daily Telegraph

The Lottery

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR—Many of your readers will no doubt have been outraged, as was I, by the sight of Sir Jeremy Isaacs and the well-heeled fat cats of the Covent Garden Opera House queuing up to collect billions of pounds of our money from the so-called National Lottery.

Meanwhile, down here in the provinces, the arts are literally starving to death through lack of funding. I am thinking of small groups of performing artists such as our own Lamb & Flag Players, who specialise in a once-yearly gala performance of highlights from the best-loved operettas of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan, with assistance from the "karaoke" device operated by our landlord, Mr Montague Balon. Surely it is enterprises such as this which constitute the true lifeblood of the arts in England today? What price the £1 million-a-night Signor Pavarotti singing Rigoletto's famous 'La Donna e Mobile' when you can hear such items as these:

'A Wandering Minstrel I', sung by Lt-Col Buffy Frobisher, accompanied by the Rev. Purvis (pianoforte).

'Three Little Maids From School Are We'. Male voice trio (Gussett, Frobisher, Balon; counter-tenors).

'Für Elise' (first half). Pianoforte solo played by Lady Letitia Gussett.

'Four And Twenty Virgins (Came Down From Inverness)'. Trad. Sung by H. Gussett, unaccompanied.

It is for the chance to perpetuate this great cultural tradition that we have made a formal application to the Minister for Lotteries for the paltry sum of £700,000. But what chance have true amateurs like ourselves got against the metropolitan clique of Mr Isaacs and his mink-coated merchant bankers? Long live G and T *(surely 'S'? Ed)*.

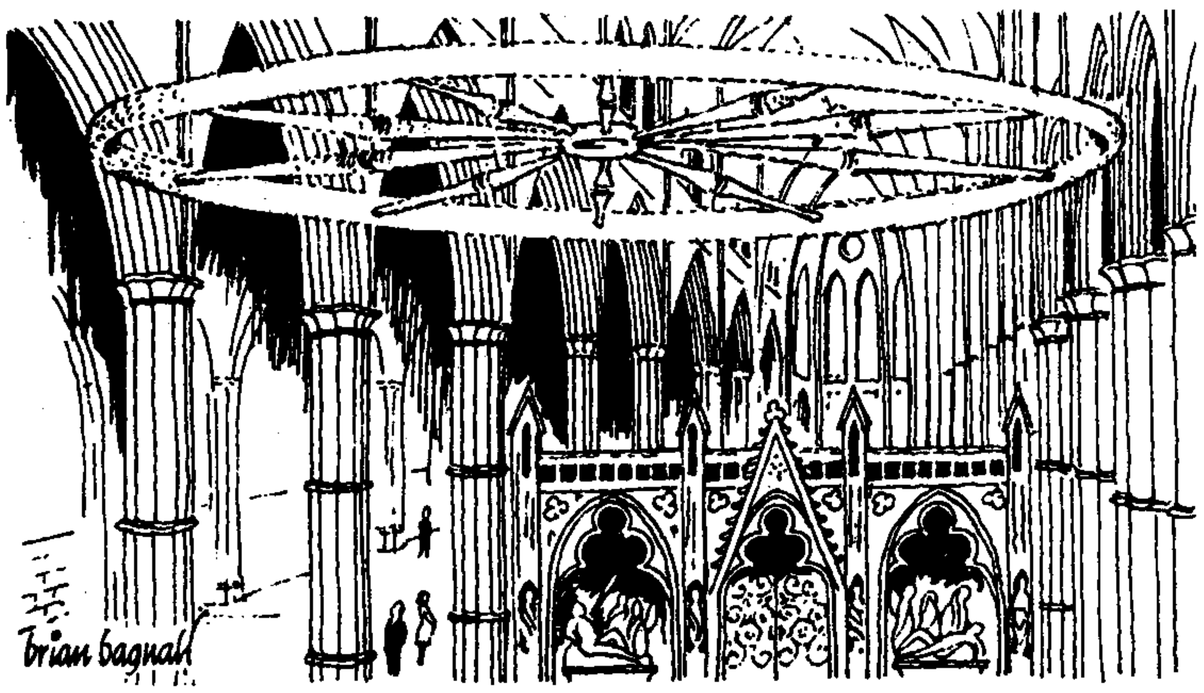
Yours faithfully
H. GUSSETT
'Unprofor'
Carter St Ruck
Dorset

TV Highlights — ITV

George Carmen QC

John Thaw is George Carmen, the most brilliant barrister of all time. In tonight's episode he takes on *Private Eye* as a client and immediately loses. *Sub-titles on Ceefax, p.94.*

Forward to 2000



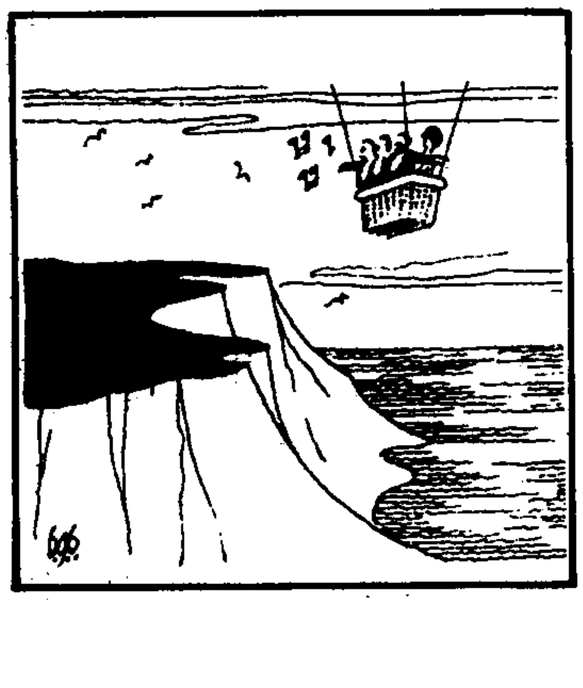
by Our Environment Staff **Cecil B. de Millennium**

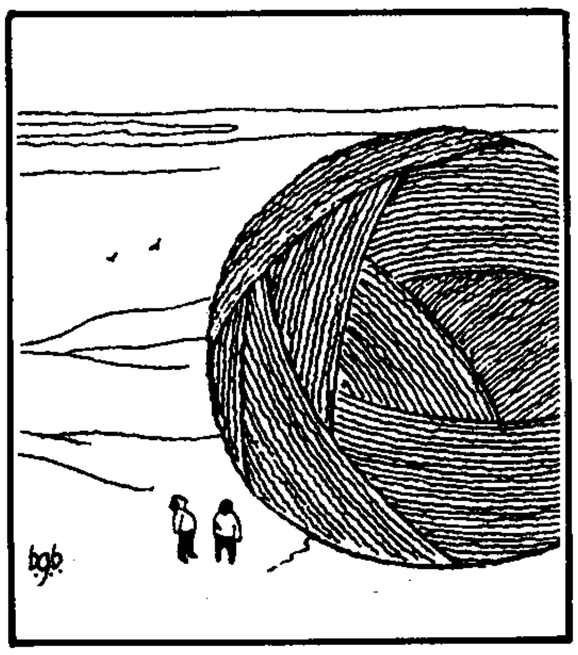
MILLIONS of suggestions have been pouring in to the office of Heritage Minister Stephen Drivel for imaginative ways in which Britain can mark the year 2000.

Dribble has already shortlisted ten of the top schemes which will make Britain the most exciting place in the world to be in when the clock strikes midnight on 31 December 1999.

Here are the ten projects to make the next 1000 years go off with a bang:

1. Giant Tibetan Prayer-Wheel made from recycled bottle tops, to be erected in the nave of Westminster Abbey.
2. Two billion trees to be planted in a straight line from John O'Groats to Land's End.
3. Red Arrows to fly through the Channel Tunnel in formation.
4. Covering Snowdonia with huge pizza designed by Damien Hirst.
5. 4,000ft-high hologram of the 12 stars of the European Union to be displayed over the Palace of Westminster.
6. The Three Tenors to sing *We'll Meet Again* with Dame Vera Lynn, suspended in hot-air balloon over White Cliffs of Dover.





7. The making of the world's biggest ball of string, to be erected in the Pennines, visible from space.
8. Free HobNob biscuit to be issued to every old age pensioner on 1 January 2000.
9. The flooding of the Centre Court at Wimbledon in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, to create a marine and aquatic arena for the re-enactment of famous naval battles from history.
10. Mr David Mellor to be ritually executed on Tower Hill by Mr Blobby, live on BBC-1.

If you have any suggestions as to how £10 billion from the National Lottery could be wasted on similar schemes, write at once to Stephen Grovel, Ministry of Heritage, London SW1 1AAARG.

THE TIMES

NEW WORDS

HOWARD
n. rhyming slang for man too scared to resign. One who is shifty, evasive, appears on television far too often. Example: "In my day a howard like that would have been shot at dawn". (W. Deedesh *Somme Like It Hot* 1914.)

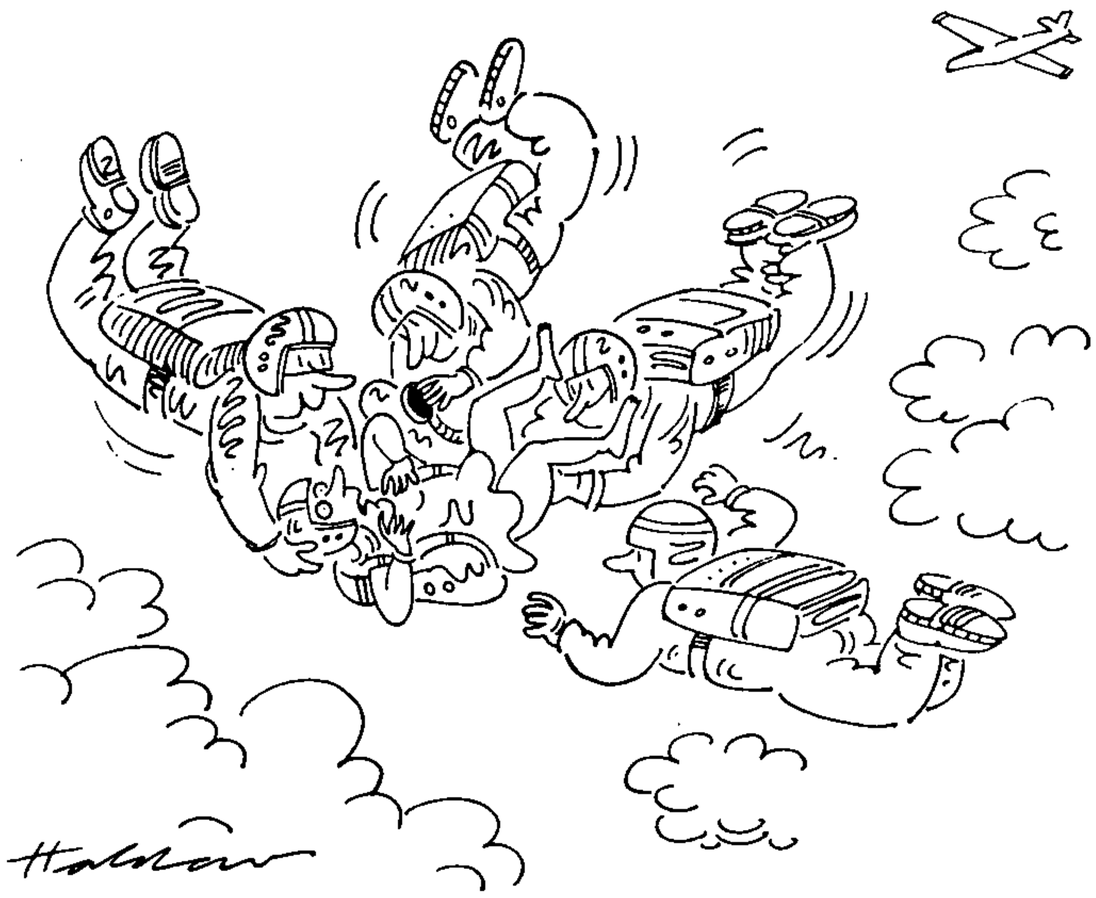
LEWIS
n. synonym for howard (see above). Shifty little man who refuses to take responsibility for fear of losing performance related bonus. Example: 'Did you see that lewis on the telly again last night? A case of arrant howardice if ever I saw one". (Overheard in pub 1995.)

ILLINGWORTH
n. a measure of rich humbug, prob. originating in Yorkshire. Used figuratively of person who claims credit for success but blames others for failure. Examples: any interview with Chairman of England's cricket selectors. (See 'fletcher' below).

FLETCHER
n. slang, originating in Essex. Southern version of illingworth (above). Used figuratively of person who is quick to blame others for failure, but immediately claims credit for success. Examples: any interview with manager of England cricket team.

MAJOR
n. (obscure) political version of a howard, a lewis, an illingworth or a fletcher, except worse.

(That's enough words, Ed.)



"Didn't I tell you, Naomi, this would be much more fun than a waterbirth"

MAN WITH GLASSES LEAVES JOB

by Our Financial Staff
Screaming Lord Saatchi

IN A MOVE which left the City gasping, a man in a suit and glasses yesterday left his job.

World financial markets were left reeling by the incredible news that the man in glasses had decided to resign.

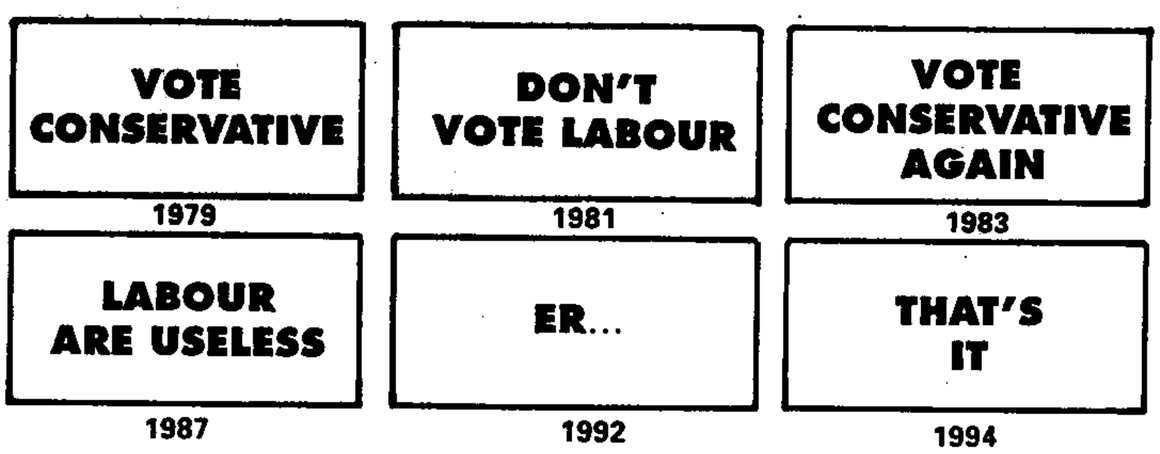
In a shock fax delivered to anyone with a machine, Mr Maurice Suitchi, who with his non-bespectacled brother gave his name to the most legendary ad agency of all time, Suitchi and Suitchi, told the firm's now weeping employees why he had decided to leave.

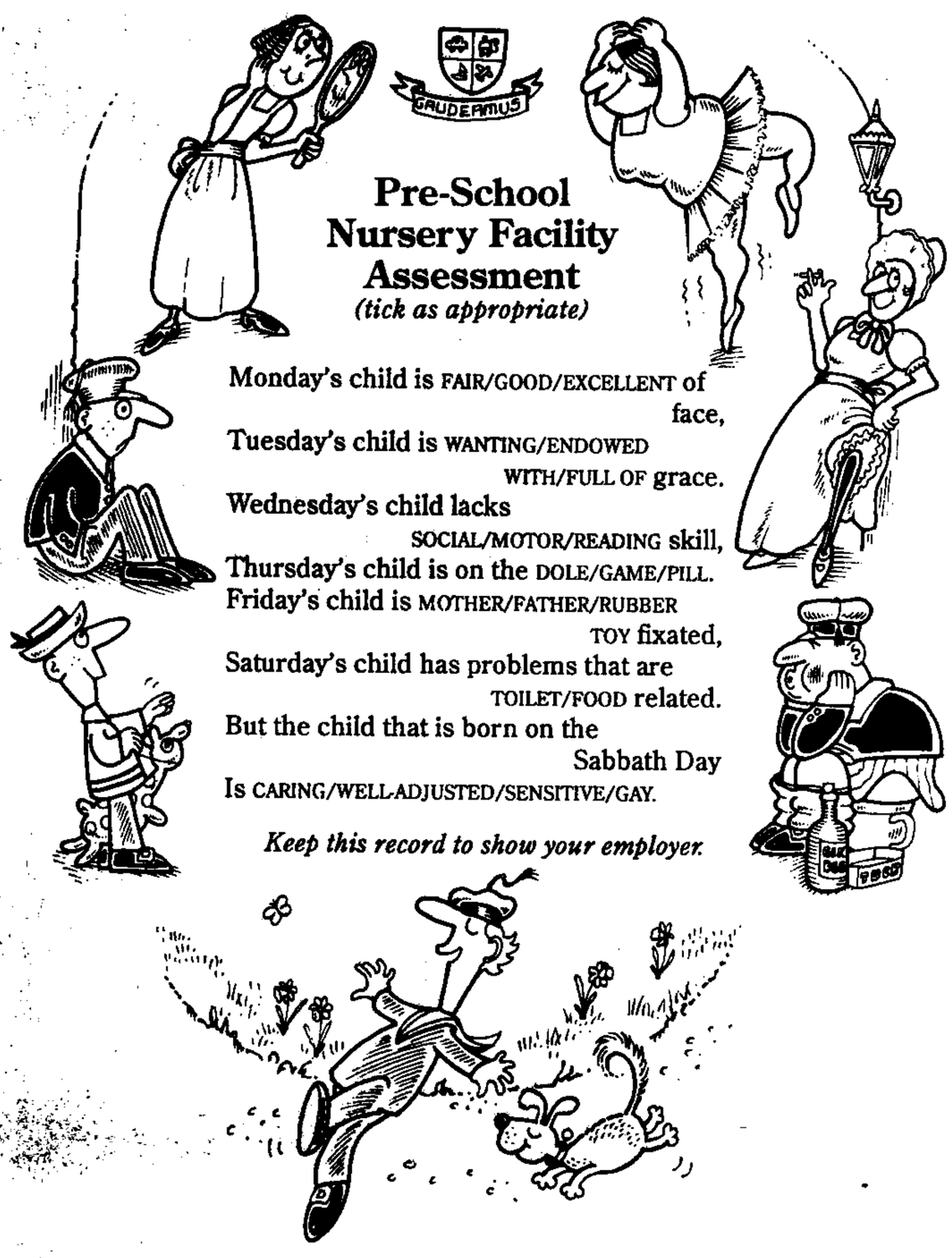
That shock fax in full:

> Dear Guys with Ponytails and Blondes with Flipcharts.
>
> It is with a heavy heart that I am being fired. The new management have been out to get me and now they have. I will treasure for ever the privilege of working with each and every one of you. I feel uniquely blessed to have sat at my desk for 25 years and made wonderful amounts of money, thanks to your talent, creativity, genius and loyalty. I love you all. God bless you.
>
> Mr. M. I. Suitchi

So ended the greatest era advertising has ever known.

The Suitchi Legend — Their Finest Adverts




GAUDEAMUS
Pre-School Nursery Facility Assessment
(tick as appropriate)
Monday's child is FAIR/GOOD/EXCELLENT of face,
Tuesday's child is WANTING/ENDOWED WITH/FULL OF grace.
Wednesday's child lacks SOCIAL/MOTOR/READING skill,
Thursday's child is on the DOLE/GAME/PILL.
Friday's child is MOTHER/FATHER/RUBBER TOY fixated,
Saturday's child has problems that are TOILET/FOOD related.
But the child that is born on the Sabbath Day
Is CARING/WELL-ADJUSTED/SENSITIVE/GAY.
Keep this record to show your employer.

COURT CIRCULAR

KLOSTERS
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will take a cup of espresso coffee at the Schneeblick Bar and Carvery at 2500 metres. He will be escorted by HRH Prince William, HRH Prince Harry and Nanny "Tiggy" Legge-Over. He will studiously ignore Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York when she tries to get a table adjacent to his. But HRHs William and Harry will grant an audience over a Sno-Cola to HRHs the Princesses Eugenie and Beatrice. In attendance will be Mr James Whitaker, Mr Sleazo Papparazzo and other distinguished members of the international press corps. The Prince of Wales will then get in a bate and ski off, attended by the cameras of the BBC and ITN. Later he will meet Nanny Legge-Over and give her an "innocent kiss" in full view of the world's press. He will then get in another bate.

VAIL, COLORADO
Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will be inviting herself to stay with a number of unknown American millionaires. They will include Morton J. Assetstripper and Harvey Wallbanger III. She will be hoping to meet the press at any opportunity in her desire to embarrass HRH the Prince of Wales.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
A statement will be issued denying that Miss Legge-Over is in any sense a replacement for Princess Diana. "Charles kisses her in public and obviously likes her. It couldn't be more different."

WINDSOR
Her Majesty the Queen will not be amused by any of the above. She will then watch a video recording of her Christmas Broadcast and congratulate herself on the wisdom of not having mentioned her eldest son, or indeed any of her other children, during the programme.

KENSINGTON PALACE
The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, accompanied by Messrs Eric, Sam and Dave from Pickfords Removals, will arrive and install themselves in their new home. There will be a short argument about missing pictures and broken crockery during which Messrs Eric, Sam and Dave will shrug their shoulders. The Duke will then resolve the dispute by indicating that the taxpayer will pick up the bill anyway.

School news

St Cake's

Blair Term begins today. There are 367 boys in the school and 3 girls. V.A.T. Surcharge (Blunkett's) is Chief Taxer. Yu Turn (Prescott's) is Shadow Head Boy. Mr Klaus Four is on an extended sabbatical and his replacement has yet to be announced. Ms Mo Mowlam takes over as Chief Matron from Mrs Margaret Beckett. Skinners will be run over Cook's Beard on 2 March. There will be a performance of *The Hippopotamus* by Stephen Fry O.C., adapted for the stage by John Mortimer, in the Neil Kinnock Memorial Hall on 29 March. The School Orchestra will perform Mandelson's *A Midsummer Night's Dream of Winning the General Election*. The "Cake's Lecture" will be given in the Glenys Kinnock Women's Studies Block by Mr Richard Gott O.C. on "With Russia From Love". Omovs will be on 4 April.

ON OTHER PAGES

'Why oh why is Prince Charles kissing?' asks Paul Johnson	6
'Does the kiss have constitutional implications?' asks William Rees-Mogg	7
'How kissing works' by Dr Theodore Dalrymple	8
'Will your nanny steal your husband?"'by Lesley Garner	9
Win A Snog! competition	10
Hundreds more articles about nothing	40

A man has been arrested in Manchester in connection with the rape of a 61-year-old woman in Petersham Woods on September 26.

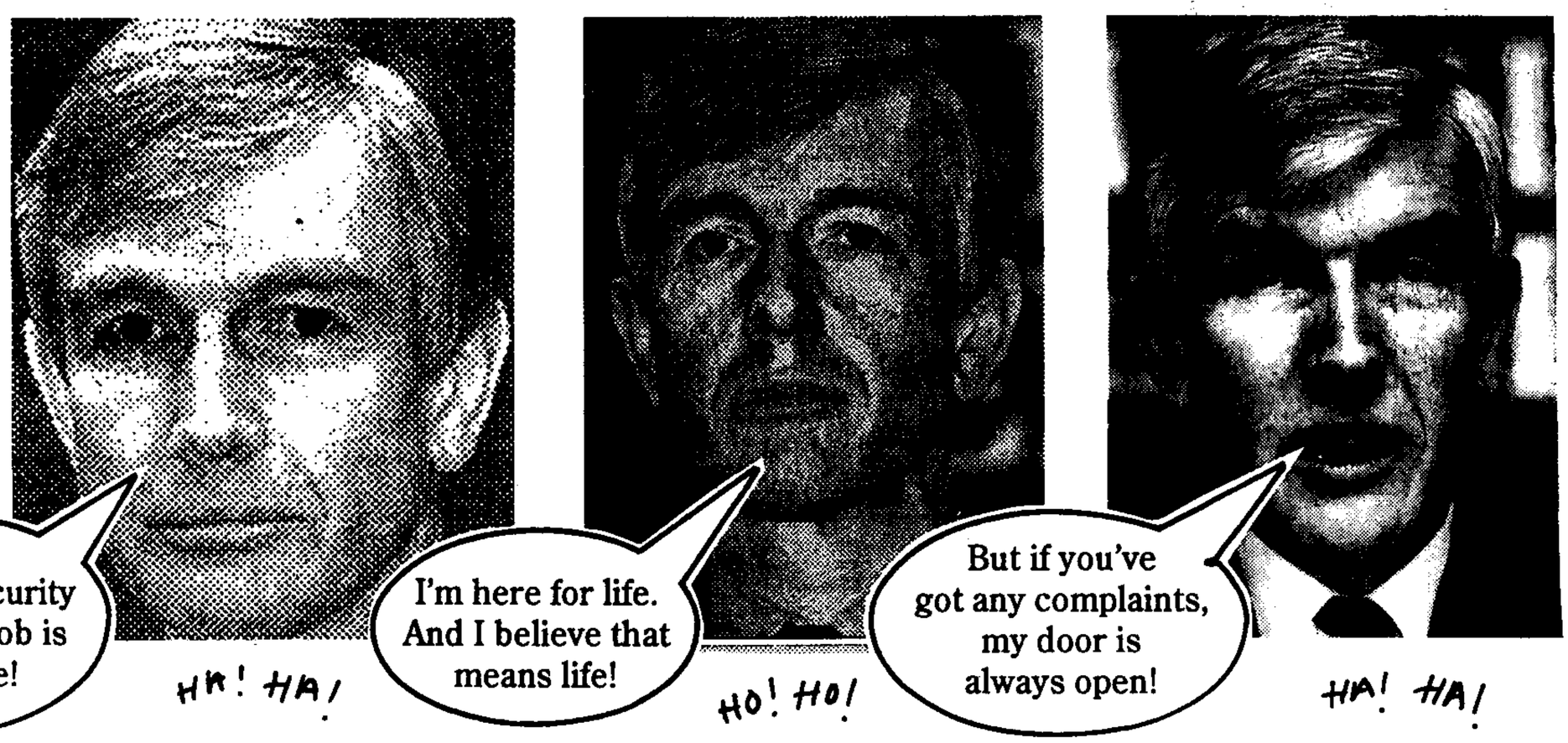
The 28-year-old was arrested just before midnight on Monday after a joint by police from The Met and Greater Manchester.

Kingston Borough Guardian

PORRIDGE

A hilarious new prison comedy starring **Derek Lewis.**

As seen on UK Gold (one day a week)


There is no security problem. My job is very secure!
HA! HA!
I'm here for life. And I believe that means life!
HO! HO!
But if you've got any complaints, my door is always open!
HA! HA!

The England Cricket Team — An Apology

IN COMMON with all other newspapers we may have given the impression in recent weeks that the English cricket team was less than equal to the task of competing for the Ashes with the Australians. Headlines such as IS THIS THE WORST TEAM IN THE HISTORY OF THE GAME?, WANKER ATHERTON'S BUNCH OF TOSSERS SHOULD COME HOME NOW and WHY DON'T THEY ALL DO A FRED WEST? may have led readers to believe that we entertained a less than flattering view of the abilities of our touring team.

We now realise that such allegations were utterly and totally without foundation. We are happy to point out that our players are more than a match for the Australians, and that Mr Darren Gough in particular represents a new dawn for English cricket. We furthermore accept that he is the new Ian Botham, the greatest Yorkshireman since Harold Larwood *(shurely 'Wilson'? Ed)*, **and probably the finest cricketer England has produced since W.G. Grace. He has been magnificently supported by a hard-working, disciplined and talented team who have put 110 per cent effort into a Test Match performance that has lifted the hearts of the nation.**

We would like to take this opportunity to apologise to Mr Atherton and his players for any distress which may inadvertently have been caused by our earlier reports.

'In the Name of the Money'

DOCU-DRAMA about the Guinness Four, wrongfully imprisoned for five minutes for their alleged part in a massive fraud, starring Emma Thompson as the brilliant lawyer who takes on their case and against all odds secures their freedom and £300 million compensation each from the tax-payer.

Cost in Full (shurely 'Cast'? Ed)	
Ernest Saunders	**Hugh Grant**
Gerald Ronson	**Arnold Schwarzenegger**
Tony Parnes	**Al Pacino**
Sir Jack Lyons	**Michael Caine**
Barbara Mills	**Barbara Windsor**
Inspector Knacker	**Ronnie Barker**
Prison Doctor	**Al Z. Heimer**

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

WHAT DO YOU RECKON, MIKE?
MMM... A BIT DIM!
I REALLY DID HOPE FOR A BRIGHTER ONE!
YEH, BUT THEY'RE ALL THE SAME REALLY. THEY JUST GET PAID TO LOOK GOOD!
I S'POSE SO!
Kerber

GLOBAL CUTTINGS

"World Arrogance" is a no-nonsense wake-up call for al' of those sick of the Zionist controlled Western media, which spreads lies about Islam and Muslims. Islam is the most tolerant religion in the world so lets get together and stamp out those who would bury us in the grave of "mutual understanding."

Asalamy Abilony

Egyptian Mail

DIARY

BRIAN SEWELL

A brisk coastal walk in the midst of the historic English countryside on a sunlit day does much to expose the repellent inanities of the Creator. Hills and hillocks, predictable beyond endurance, regurgitate their irksome bumpiness as far as the eye can see; grass, bladish, modishly vertiginous and tiresomely damp, seemingly unashamed to be coloured such a preposterously vivid and idiotic green, spreads itself far and wide over mountain and valley, like the venereal disease of a poxy tart. And what, may one be excused for asking, lies beneath this conceited assortment of rural rubbish? The answer is dirt, dirt and more dirt, grubby beyond endurance, ready to soil one's fingernails if ever one were to exhibit the generosity to allow them, unvarnished, within its vicinity. The sense of symmetry and balance in the countryside is execrable too. Trees, "shrubs" and wild flowers popping up any-old-how, and the hopelessly over-rated sea, much beloved of the pusillanimous panjandrums of the Arts Council and such weary old deadbeats as the dauber Turner, is merely noisy, brash, tediously repetitive, incoherent in its splutterings and vulgarly moist. Overall, there is no evidence whatsoever to suggest that anything higher than a fifth-rate mind has been at work, slipshod and vapid, entertaining itself with flimsy doodles more expertly executed by a blind lesbian black spinster pupil at a fortnight's summer school in Little Piddlehinton. Few contemporary critics possess the moral probity to voice such honest opinions about these wretchedly scruffy shibboleths of our lacklustre age. I daresay I tell an uncomfortable truth, but mine is a voice that shall not be stifled, even by the Stalins and Hitlers who now wield their monstrous power in the boardrooms of the Royal Academy and the Tate, and who desire abject subservience from all scribblers. Bah!

It is incumbent upon the trained art historian to note, with a dismal drooping of the heart, that all artists from the year dot have proved deeply disappointing, alas without exception. Even the so-called "major" artists are, it pains me most dreadfully to say, gravely flawed, each one of them lacking that essential ingredient that makes for true art. Monet, for all his pretty colouring, never so much as bothered to tackle a cow or any other farmyard animal, even though the countryside around Givenchy must have been teeming with them. Vermeer simply didn't have the energy, the vision or the guts to paint a group portrait. Far too many of Rembrandt's later paintings are just self, self, self, and he was wilfully blind to the merits of mauve and pink, preferring the odious, jumped-up sewagey brown. Velasquez, for all his overweening self-confidence couldn't paint a still-life for toffee; indeed, he never even tried. Cezanne never had the nerve to risk his reputation and paint a single cat, Goya pooh-poohed the English countryside and, of course, the arrival of the Industrial Revolution is totally ignored by the artists of the Renaissance, who preferred, in their finickety, gesticulative Italian way, to contemplate the navels of themselves and others. If only one or two of them had possessed the breadth of reference, the intellectual passion, the iron discipline, the baroque gusto, the unashamed genius of, say, a properly trained, all-seeing art historian with a weekly column in a London evening newspaper — why, what marvels they might have produced!

The sight, preposterous and grotesque, of a naked woman, glimpsed briefly but no less horrifyingly in a late-night televisual cinematogram, has filled me, as it would fill any other scrupulous critic, if any there be, and there be not, with a despair bordering on profound and abject depression.

This most distressing of events occurred the night before last. The woman so glimpsed was young — a perty twentyish — and, would, no doubt, be regarded by the rag-tag and bobtail of mawkish, sheeplike, tiresomely malleable, mankind as somehow "attractive". Yet the keener eye of the trained art historian could detect two cumbersome, squishy-squashy lumps on her chest area, each with a singularly poorly placed "nipple" the size of an old penny-piece or an ill-fitting bathroom plug. And where, may one ask, was her penis? In any reasonable society, this personable and historic appendage would be regarded as the very *sine qua non* of physical probity. Yet it was nowhere to be seen!

"Faulty model. Take it back", would be the natural reaction of anyone with a tuppenny-halfpenny'orth of sense , but the eximious panjandrums, pompous poseurs, self-congratulatory nincompoops, verbose nitwits and hopelessly faddy *cacafuegos* of the contemporary art world conspire to teach us otherwise, forcing their half-baked populist puerilities onto those institutions — insTITutions, one almost might say, a touch mischievously(!) — over which they so ploddingly preside, dictatorially determined to show that even if WE do not like the look of these skew-whiff creatures, these wonky women, then they most certainly do, so boo-snubs to the rest of us.

Thus we are treated to the preposterous situation in which perfectly monstrous women of every hue, ache, mould and scratching are riding roughshod through even our most sacred portals; women as critics, women as curators, women as models, women as art historians — and now women as *artists*, forsooth! Fie on you, say I! Begone, brazen hussies! Take your shrill warblings, your beskirted doodlings, your incongruous, flippy-floppy boobies elsewhere!

Fig (a):

This is not what I would describe as a line, straight or otherwise. Far from it; any fourth-form student (preferably male) would be able to explain that it is merely a lazy and self-serving *cacafuego* or an extended dot, needlessly and odiously prolonged between two points, a contemptibly elongated affront to the past glories of Western civilisation, rousing the stomach, not to mention the *derrière*, to objection.

Many claims have been made by the incompetent and fraudulent bores of the London Arts mafia for this singularly commonplace blob, the most preposterous being that it is in some apparently indefinable sense a "circle". As a trained art historian, it seems to me not unreasonable to point out that it is nothing of the kind, but merely a straight line masquerading as a circle, employing the tired old trick of rolling back on itself in order to promote the illusion of circularity. I suppose this might guarantee it a place on *The Late Show* or the ineffable *Kaleidoscope*, but I hereby aver that no serious historian would give it the time of day, pshaw.

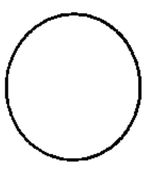
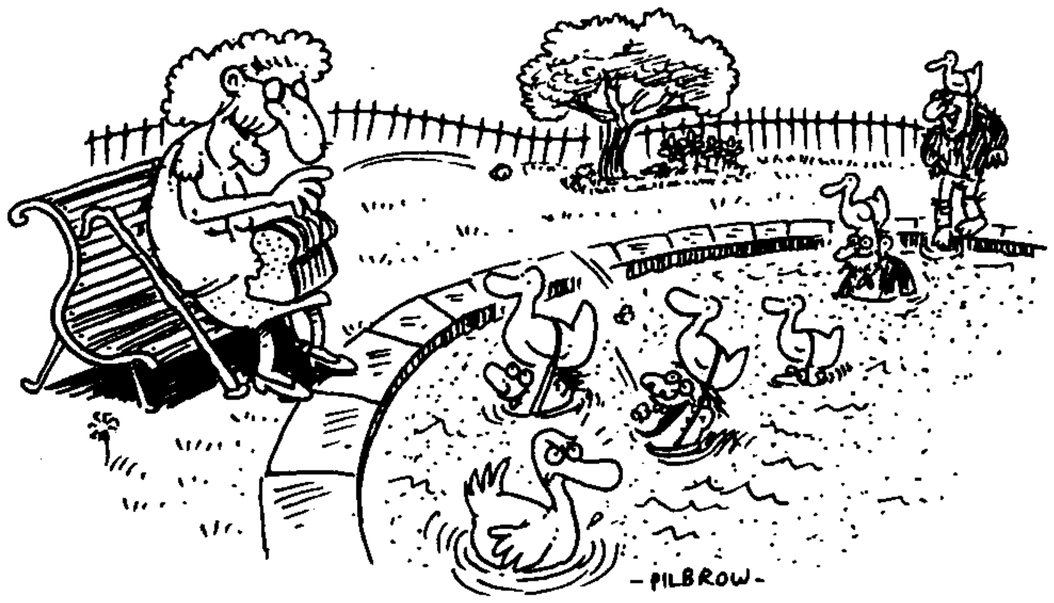


Fig (b):



We would like to point out that the wording of a headline in *Thanet Extra* last week could have been misinterpreted if taken out of context. A technical error led to the words 'MP' and 'pathetic' being transposed over a page one story concerning a song which had been written about South Thanet MP Jonathan Aitken.

Thanet Times

After another annus horribilis Lord Blake's view offers the Queen a smidgen of comfort.

Ross Benson
Daily Express

Literary Review

Pedigree chump

Journals 1982-1986
Anthony Powell
(Heinemann, £20)

IT'S NOT often we get a readable short volume as informative as this. Here, brilliantly encapsulated in a few years of one old man's diaries, is everything beastly about the English class system. If, in the future, students ever doubt that it could have really been as bad as the historians say, all their teachers will have to do is put the *Journals* of Anthony Powell (pronounced "Pole") on their reading lists and retire smirking.

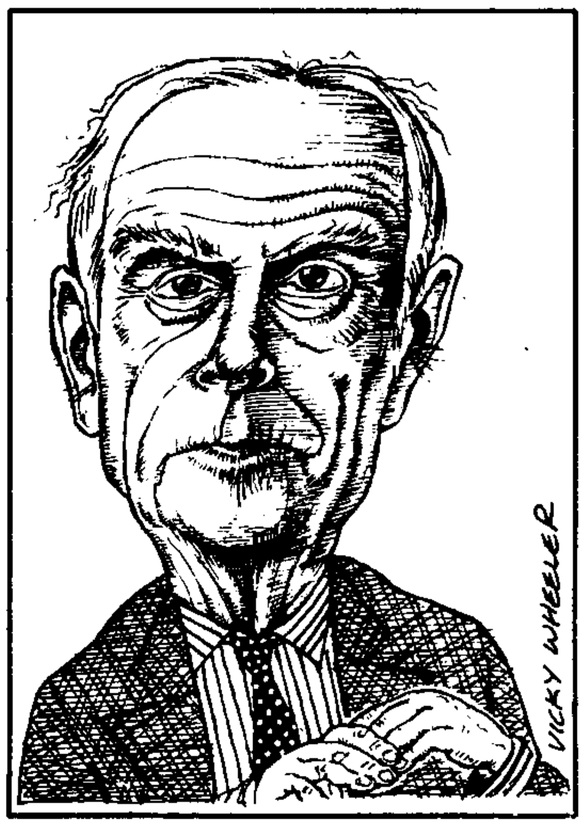
These *Journals* are, in a sense, his masterpiece, for they show his master passion in its purest form. In the 12 volumes of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, Powell's social obsessions and genealogical trufflings are sadly impaired by his attempts to disguise them as fiction. Even his subsequent four volumes of *Memoirs* have enough literary form to keep the more boneheaded from realising what Powell (pronounced "Pool") is really about. It is only now that his writing has finally caught up with his life that all such tiresome distancing has gone.

Here there is no more pretence that he has any real literary interests at all. Everything is frankly subordinated to the question of social position. The only book that has ever truly interested Anthony Powell is *Who's Who*. Or, rather, *Burke's Peerage*. Or, to be more precise, the *Eton Register*, which "invaluable document" he has been a lifelong campaigner to have "brought up to date (it only goes properly up to 1799)".

Since who's who is all Powell (pronounced "Pule") has ever really written about, it has evidently been a tremendous relief for him to be able to address the question so straightforwardly at last. He has really let himself go.

Believe it or not, the one sustained piece of writing here is a 10-page comparison of the relative "social success" of five creative artists who "saw regularly, over a given period of some length, persons of a smart world..My specimens are: Evelyn Waugh; Cecil Beaton; John Betjeman; Peter Quennell; Adrian Daintrey; all of whom moved in smartish circles for at least part of their lives", Powell says. Having diagnosed all these people as more or less proficient social climbers, Powell inanely wonders whether their "smart life" had a detrimental effect on their art. "I should hesitate to pass judgement," he says blandly. It's not really a question that has any meaning for him.

To the point of self-parody, and far far beyond, Powell's sole concern is placing people socially, whether he is meeting them or just reading about them. Genealogy is all. When he is told about the novels of Ian MacEwan, his only observation is that he is "apparently son of a Sergeant Major at Pirbright". When he meets Nicholas Shakespeare, he warns him "he must get his pedigree straight before coming here again. It appears his family descend from The Bard's grandfather (Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield)... The Heralds have confirmed the arms to this Nicholas Shakespeare's family, father a Wykhamist, Ambassador to Peru."



When Powell becomes infatuated with Mrs Thatcher, a friend cruelly tries to trick him by creating a phoney genealogy for her too — "the Prime Minister's Lincolnshire connection", making Mrs Thatcher a "half-first-cousin of Diana Cooper, because Mrs T's maternal grandmother had been a housemaid at Belton, seduced by Harry Cust (claimed, with some reason, to be Diana Cooper's true father), great womanizer, younger son of the Brownlows." Attracted though he is to this idea, Powell sternly tells himself "there is not the least evidence that Mrs Thatcher's grandmother was housemaid at Belton or anywhere else". Sad.

Conversely, Powell judges the intelligence of the journalists he meets solely by their knowledge of pedigrees. Only a few, such as Tony Gould of *New Society*, pass muster: "He was brighter than average journalist interviewer, and interested in genealogy (related to the Horners of Mells), also military matters."

Most fail abjectly. Martin Stannard, Evelyn Waugh's biographer, is judged altogether too low-class for the job. "Indeed one cannot understand why someone like Stannard wanted to write about Evelyn (who would repay really intelligent treatment) at all, as he has no glimmering of the sort of social life to which Waugh aspired." Why, he even mistakes peoples' titles! "When I was a child the housemaid or gardener would have known the difference between Lord Snooks and Lord John Snooks, which today professional gossip-writers, not to mention *The Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, get wrong. It is not a matter of snobbery, but correctness..", Powell (pronounced "Pooh") insists, showing no snobbery *there*.

No matter that on literary questions, he commits one howler after another himself (he thinks Eliot wrote a poem called "Cooking an Egg", and Greene a novel called *Don Camillo*). Naturally, his view of the literary business is wholly corrupt. Remembering how he broke off relations with Malcolm Muggeridge for criticising one of his novels in the *Standard*, Powell sniffs: "He did not wish to be friends any longer." Sod truth and the public, eh?

So long as "pedigree" can be established, Powell (pronounced "Prole" — only joking, Toni!) is happy. It's not just people, either. He can't eat a bleeding sandwich without calling it "the eponymous nourishment of the Montagu earldom". When it comes to claret, which it often does, he always records the château and vintage and how it rated. At dinner with Mrs T., for example, "the claret was decidedly dim" and of uncertain provenance: it probably didn't even know who its own great-grandfather had been! When he goes to dinner and doesn't find out about the claret, he always records the fact ("I did not see the label") and it worries him in exactly the same way as if he had to meet a human being to whom he had not been properly introduced.

He even likes to know about the class of the penises he finds himself rubbing shoulders with. "When did circumcision become fashionable among the British upper classes? No medical authority appears to know," he complains, as one of those lucky dogs himself.

Naturally there's a good deal of tedium — curry lunches, protracted dentistry, gatherings of relatives and operations on his bottom — to get through, if you're determined to enjoy these genealogical thrills and spills. But it's surely worth it. No other country on earth could produce a book like it. It is, after all, a question of breeding.

Books & Bookmen

☐ SO Martin Amis wants £500,000 for his next novel and collection of stories, an offer of £450,000 from HarperCollins not being enough to pay for his genius.

Thus Lord Gnome's newly instituted award for genuinely disinterested agenting goes to Pat Kavanagh, of Peters, Fraser and Sissons, who secured the £450,000 HarpicCollins offer: she dared to whisper to her client that his novel might not prove either to be as good as he thought it was or as commercial.

The services of Pat have now been dispensed with, and Amis has minced off to Solomon Rushdie's agents, big Gillon Aitken and Andrew "The Shark" Wylie, who have started the whole tedious process off again by resubmitting the novel to any publisher they can think of.

It is to be hoped HarpicCollins offers at a much lower level the second time round — but knowing the vanity of publishers (it is regarded as classy to publish loss leader Martin) and the fear of Allah Aitken instils in the few publishers he deigns to talk to, it is still likely Eddie "McBastard" Bell's outfit will cough up the requested £500,000 and add to the Digger's debts.

■ BOOKWORM's piece in the last *Eye* about affairs at Hodder Headline made no mention of non-executive chairman Philip Attenborough.

When the Grim Hatchetman and his pals at Headline acquired venerable Hodder & Stoughton they acquired Philip Attenborough who, when president of the Publishers' Association, led the PA's last successful fight against rendering inviolate the net book agreement and was awarded a CBE for his efforts by the classless government of John Major.

Although Philip's brother, Michael, previously managing director of Hodders trade division, did the decent thing and resigned when Grim moved in (he is now employed as a part-time literary agent), Philip was offered so much money to stay on and lend respectability to the increasingly seedy outfit he swallowed his pride and his principles.

Elder brother Philip and younger brother Michael no longer play golf or eat turkey together.

'Bookworm'

footnotes

CELL-OFF

THE BALLAD OF DONNY JAIL

PRIVATE prisons, said Michael Howard when he became home secretary in 1993, will act as "a spur to higher standards and greater cost efficiency".

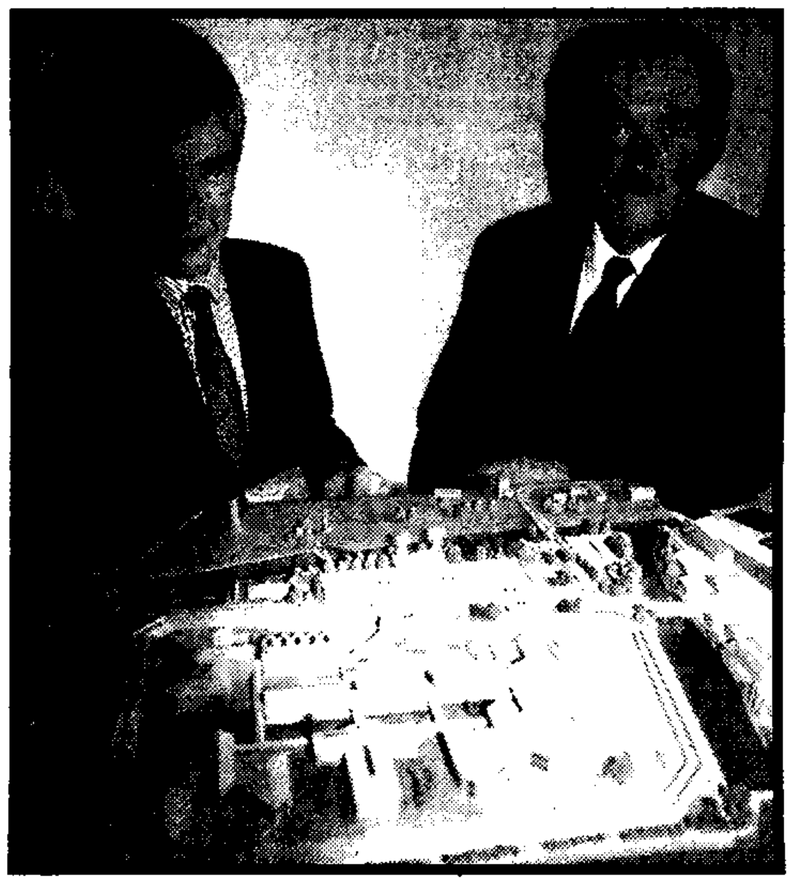
A wonderful example is the latest and most expensive private prison, which opened in Doncaster last June. It was "purpose-built" by two United States companies: Wackenhut, a union-busting security firm which specialises in the secret surveillance of environmental campaigners; and Serco, which has won a host of privatised contracts in the health service, especially in Yorkshire.

Doncaster prison welcomed young inmates, many of whom had not been convicted. Yet from the moment it opened, its "director" and the Prison Service were deluged with complaints from probation officers, solicitors and even police about delays, chaos, drug trafficking, the inexperience and incompetence of the staff and ceaseless violence.

In August, two months after the prison opened, a Yorkshire probation officer wrote to his boss: "When I visited the prison myself I was told by my client that he had been offered heroin the day before in a make-shift needle which a number of other inmates had obviously used already." He also alleged "widespread bullying of young inmates".

In September another probation officer visited his client, Karl Tinnion, at the prison, only to be told he was in Doncaster royal infirmary. "To say his features were hardly recognisable is not an overstatement. He had two black eyes and a very swollen face, a fractured arm, bite marks to his back, chest, arms and ears... Mark tells me he was attacked by approximately 10 other inmates for his trainers and clothes, using pool cues, pool balls and broom handles."

On 8 September, another probation officer visited his client, Anthony Hardacre. On arrival at the prison, young Hardacre, who comes from Bradford, was set upon by eight inmates from Sheffield. The attacks went on for days on end, despite desperate appeals to staff that he should be moved to another unit.



TWO MEN AND THEIR JAIL: Derek Lewis and George Gray, chairman of Serco, and a plan of Doncaster prison.

The same month, Shaun Webster, 20, who was serving 32 months for stealing a bike and taking part in an affray, was dumped in a cell on his own, unwatched and unattended. Ten days after arriving at Doncaster, Webster, a desperately unhappy man who had been on continuous "suicide watch" in his former prison, hanged himself.

In October, Karl Sanders was released on licence from Doncaster prison. He said that shortly before his release he was attacked by a group of prisoners who dragged him into a shower and cut off his hair with a shaving razor. He had, he said, constantly shouted for help to prison staff, who had turned away.

These were only a few of the complaints collated by the National Association of Probation Officers, whose protest was promptly joined by solicitors. In the *Solicitors' Journal* of 16 September, two Sheffield lawyers, John Gibson and Jonathan Bennett, angrily accused the prison of ignoring the bullying and "taxing" of their clients. John Gibson said he advised clients not to go to Doncaster in decent shoes, which would be instantly stolen. Mr Gibson tells *Private Eye* conditions at the prison are as bad as ever.

All through last summer, Lee Bowen, a young black prisoner who was on remand at Doncaster on burglary charges, continually complained of headaches. He had been under observation before he went to prison, and his mother begged the prison authorities to allow him to see his consultant neurologist in Leeds.

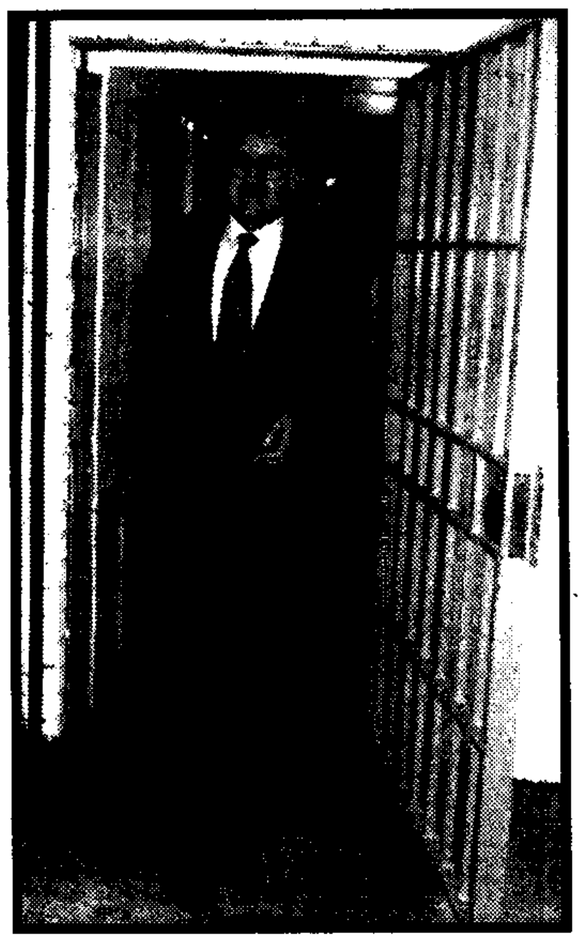
The prison replied that Leeds was too far away, but promised Lee would be taken to Doncaster royal infirmary for observation. He wasn't. Instead he was left to rot in his cell in intense pain until he collapsed. He was then taken to hospital but never recovered consciousness. He was pronounced dead on 9 November. His doctor in Leeds, Dr Constance Hunter, tells the *Eye* she still doesn't know the cause of death. She said she has been told to "wait for the inquest" — for which no date has been set.

A recent report by nine trades unions opposed to privatising prisons, counts in the first four months of Doncaster prison seven police call-outs, ten established acts of concerted indiscipline, six major assaults, two suicides, two fires, 10 drug finds and 48 other serious incidents. Complaints have been received virtually every day about the failure of staff at Doncaster. Last month, a parliamentary question from Leeds Labour MP John Gunnell established that only 60 (14 percent) of the 450 staff at Doncaster had any experience in the prison service.

FORSYTH SAGA

In July 1987 the then home secretary Douglas Hurd said: "I do not think there is a case for privatising the prisons or handing over the business of keeping prisoners to anyone other than government services."

That was also the view of Hurd's successor, Kenneth Baker, and his parliamentary under secretary Peter Lloyd. In those days the prevailing policy was, where possible, to keep people out of



prison. The progressive proposals in the 1991 Woolf report after the Strangeways riots were accepted, and the criminal justice act of 1991 concentrated on non-custodial punishment. All this changed with the appointment in April 1992 of Kenneth Clarke QC as home secretary.

He named Granada-reject Derek Lewis as director-general of prisons and turned the public prison service into a quango. He sponsored the first two privatised prisons (one built by the company of former Tory Party treasurer Lord McAlpine; the second jointly run by it). Clarke's U-turn was enthusiastically followed by his successor, Michael Howard, who promised the Tory party conference that he would fill the prisons up and ensure a more "austere" regime. To help him, he called up the most right-wing minister in the government, Michael Forsyth, who duly became prisons minister. The relatively liberal Peter Lloyd was sacked in last year's cabinet reshuffle.

TOO LIBERAL: P. Lloyd MP

The results have been dramatic: the prisons are overflowing again. The number of people in prison is UP from 40,000 three years ago to 50,000 today. The number of people imprisoned for fines is UP from 16,659 in 1990 to 22,754 in 1993 (including 845 for not having a television licence and 504 for not paying the poll tax). The number of suicides is up too, from 41 in April 1992-93 to 60 in April-December 1994. The more Howard and Forsyth fill up the prisons and run them with "austerity", the more desperate and violent the prisoners become.

BONUS OF PROOF

One man who has benefited hugely is director-general Derek Lewis. Some surprise was expressed last month when it was announced that Lewis was due a bonus of £35,000 on his £125,000 salary.

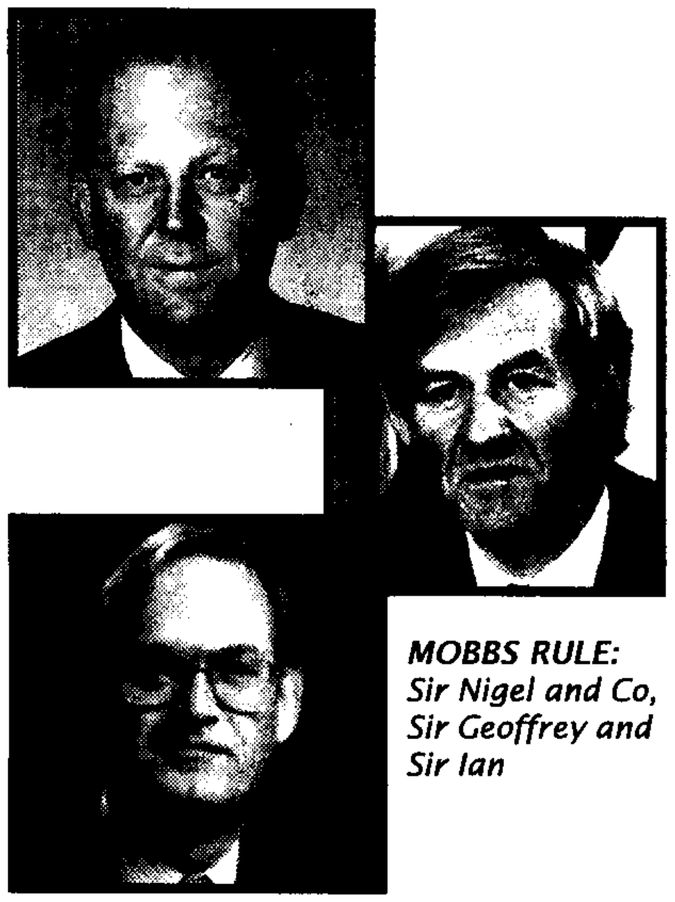
The calculation of bonus for Lewis and the high-flying accountant colleagues he has brought in to help him is set out in the *Prison Business Plan*, published last year. It is based on "key performance indicators". The number of suicides in a prison is not included. So the sharp increase in suicides in no way affects Mr Lewis's bonus.

The *Business Plan* suggested new performance indicators to include "reconviction rates and health care". When the reconviction rates soared and health care deteriorated, the proposal was discreetly dropped. The bonuses stayed high.

ST JOAN

Three months ago Joan Ruddock, Labour's shadow prisons minister, wrote a document entitled *Privatising prisons: a dangerous diversion*. She concluded: "Labour is fundamentally opposed to prison privatisation." The document was submitted to the Labour leadership, but has not been published.

KNIGHT AFTER KNIGHT AFTER KNIGHT



MOBBS RULE: Sir Nigel and Co, Sir Geoffrey and Sir Ian

NO ONE on the remuneration committee of the big brewer Bass had any doubt that chairman Ian Prosser deserved a whopping 17 percent pay rise, bringing him up to £593,000 a year.

One member of the committee, Sir Geoffrey Mulcahy, must have been specially keen since the remuneration committee at Kingfisher's, where he is chairman, had voted him a total package of £1.3 million.

The Kingfisher remuneration committee was chaired by Sir Nigel Mobbs, chairman of Slough Estates, where the remuneration committee, while cutting the pay of other directors, recommended a modest increase for Sir Nigel, bringing him up to £312,000. Slough Estates' remuneration committee was headed by Sir Christopher Harding, chairman of BET (*That's enough remuneration committees. Ed.*)

Plain, humble Mr Prosser must have reflected ruefully that all these remunerative gentlemen — Mulcahy, Mobbs, Harding — were all Tory knights while he was a plain Tory mister. The unfairness must have occurred to the prime minister, too, who demonstrated his opposition to ridiculous pay increases for company chairman by immediately naming Prosser a knight in the new year's honours list.

Guess who benefits: 2

■ **MORE about the Benefits Agency, the enormous quango which handles state benefits to the poorer sections of society, its relentless flogging off of its profitable endeavours — and its determination to keep the public fully informed.**

The *Eye* presented the agency with the following facts:

● Mr Michael Burley works for the agency's South Devon district office as a higher executive officer.

● He recently coordinated the "in-house" bid for the market testing of accommodation and office services in the West Country area of the agency. The "in-house bid" (by agency staff) was unsuccessful. Instead, the contract went to a private firm called Haden Facilities Management.

● Mr Burley has now taken early retirement from the agency with a pension and a gratuity so he can start a new job at, er, Haden Facilities Management.

Mr Burley would not answer the *Eye*'s calls, so the *Eye* asked the agency:

1) Can you confirm these facts?

2) Was Haden's bid for the contract the lowest?

3) Have you any comment on the appropriateness of members of staff leaving for jobs in private firms which have won privatised contracts from the agency?

Here are the answers in full:

1) It is not our policy to comment on the employment situation of individual members of staff.

2) This information is commercial in confidence and therefore cannot be divulged.

3) Following the success of Haden Facilities Management in winning the contract, over a hundred Benefits Agency staff have volunteered to transfer to the new contractor under the requirements of the transfer of undertakings (protection of employment) regulations.

KNACKERS KNACKERED

POLICE forces outside London are irritated by the home office response to their demand for 2,542 extra officers. Only 50 were conceded — and all to the Met.

Mr John Kenny, a serving London officer who campaigns against excessive sick leave in the police, points out that 354,661 working days were lost to the Met through sickness in 1993-94, an increase over the previous year of 13,010. He also works out that 13,010 days is roughly equivalent to the time worked in a year by 50 new officers.

While Shephard watched

■ **EDUCATION secretary Gillian Shephard's New Year offer of a bribe of taxpayers' handouts to opt-out schools had a huge impact on parents at Holy Family High School, a Roman Catholic comprehensive in Sefton, Merseyside.**

They were the first to vote in 1995 on a proposal to leave local authority control, and the result was: for opting out, 29 (four per cent); against, 700 (96 per cent).

CSA: They've got to be kidding

■ COLIN RICHARDSON was surprised to receive a letter from the Child Support Agency claiming he was the father of the two children of Mrs Linda Richardson and asking what his proposals were for paying for their maintenance out of his benefit.

He replied: "I am not married. I have never been married. I am the assistant editor of *Gay Times* magazine. I am not currently in receipt of benefit. I have never to my knowledge met anyone called Linda Richardson. I don't even know anyone called Linda. Guess what? I have no children."

He then asked some questions of his own. "How the hell did you get my address? Did you write to every Colin Richardson in the country? If not, as I assume you didn't, what procedures do you use to narrow the field down? Did it not occur to you to check whether I was married? Did you ask Linda Richardson if I was the right Colin Richardson? Do I have any redress for the inconvenience you have caused me?"

Mr Richardson's letter went back (promptly) on 20 September last year. Curiously for an organisation so richly funded by taxpayers' money — and whose executives are paid big bonuses for efficiency — there has so far been no reply.

ROCK FOLLY

■ **THE security services are growing jittery again over their shooting in Gibraltar in 1988 of three unarmed IRA members (see *Eyes passim* and *Rock Bottom*).**

The case brought by the relatives of the three against the British government is set down for hearing at the European court of human rights in Strasbourg on 20 February. Paddy McGrory, the Belfast lawyer who has been handling the case ever since the notorious inquest in Gibraltar, died of heart failure just before Christmas, and the case has been taken over by his son Barra.

Before he died, Mr McGrory prepared two huge sets of documents, both of which he sent through the post to the Cambridge lawyer Douwe Korff, who advised him on European human rights law. Neither document arrived.

The second document contained McGrory's actual submission to the court. After complaining fruitlessly to the post office, who could come up with no explanation for the loss of these packages, McGrory told his colleagues ruefully: "British intelligence now has my submission." He asked the court for two days' grace so the submissions could be delivered to Strasbourg by hand.

Expresso Gongo

Q. Nicholas Lloyd, editor, has already been knighted and Lord Stevens, owner, has already been ennobled, so what else could the Prime Minister do to mark his gratitude to the *Daily Express*?

A. He could make a Privy Counsellor out of Lord Ampthill, a double deputy: deputy speaker of the House of Lords and deputy chairman of United Newspapers, which owns the *Express*.

That's Wife!

■ THE *Eye*'s influence at 10 Downing Street and the palace is becoming embarrassing...

The day after the last issue told the story of Professor Stewart Sutherland, the new principal of Edinburgh university, and the brand new job the university found for his wife, the professor was knighted.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

THE presumption that the court of appeal, like so many City commentators, will pronounce Ernest Saunders — now suffering from amnesia about Alzheimer's disease, as well as everything incriminating connected with Guinness — innocent along with his trio of share supporting suits, may prove not only premature but wide of the legal mark.

The appeal is likely to be somewhat less one-sided than Serious Farce Office critics and propagandists for Saunders & Co suggest.

As more emerges regarding the tribunal that cleared brokers TWH Investment over its share support operations, it looks increasingly that the issue which may weigh most with the appeal court judges is the decision not to disclose the tribunal's findings, rather than the findings themselves. For these are far from the seal of approval for share support suggested when the initial home office reference — more influenced by fear of a judicial review of its near two-year failure to make a decision than by the merits of the appeal — was announced and the somewhat rickety "Guinness Four Innocent" bandwagon rolled out.

In deciding whether to overturn the 1990 convictions the judges are certain to examine the question of the materiality of the TWH verdict which was not disclosed to the defendants in Guinness One (Saunders, Gerald Ronson, Anthony Parnes, Jack Lyons) but only during Guinness Two (Roger Seelig and Lord Spens).

But whether the Guinness One verdicts are reversed will depend not just on whether the tribunal's findings are material and should have been disclosed, but perhaps more significantly on whether that disclosure would have had a significant enough impact on the jury to affect the verdict. And that is a matter for judicial discretion.

The history of the non-disclosure certainly encourages conspiracy theories even if the explanation may be more the games lawyers play. Initially TWH was the target of a separate police investigation involving not just its role in supporting the Guinness share price during the Distillers bid battle but also two similar operations. Scotland Yard's Guinness Squad was called in after investigations instigated by the Department of Timidity and Inaction.

None of the defendants in Guinness One featured in that investigation. Instead the inquiries focused on Spens, Egyptian businessman Ashraf Marwan (a client of Spens at merchant bankers Henry Ansbacher) and two TWH executives. After several months it was decided not to prosecute, a decision taken by the legal team advising the SFO on Guinness — John Chadwick, Barbara Mills, Elizabeth Gloster and Victor Temple. This decision was influenced by the fact that, unlike with the Guinness support operation, there was no indemnity against loss paid for by the company itself in breach of section 151 of the companies act which bans a company from purchasing its own shares.

TWH was left to the DTI to handle. The DTI sought to revoke TWH's licence, the decision overturned by the Licensed Dealers Tribunal headed by a former judge Lord Grantchester in December 1988.

That decision was communicated to the SFO, which shared it with the prosecution team. The SFO was under great pressure to disclose material to the Guinness defendants, in particular after a key ruling by the trial judge Mr Justice Henry in September 1989. Much material was handed over but this did not include material regarding the TWH investigation. But neither, it seems, was this material requested by the defendants, including Parnes, who now seeks to make much use of the TWH ruling to justify his actions. This despite the police/DTI investigations being public knowledge.

It appears the legal argument for non-disclosure was based on the view that TWH was not relevant for three reasons: TWH did not involve any Guinness One defendant; the investigation was separate from Guinness; the tribunal findings had specifically found against the three key features of the Guinness prosecution — undisclosed indemnities secretly paid for by the company whose shares were supported on the basis of false invoices. The Grantchester tribunal cleared TWH on the much narrower grounds of not disclosing indemnities it had provided for a client.

Whether the appeal court will agree with this interpretation remains to be seen; but it is certainly arguable that the TWH finding should have been disclosed given that "share support, there was a lot of it about" was at the heart of the Guinness case. Although the Grantchester verdict may not have been that helpful to Parnes, it seems difficult to deny its relevance to him. It was less relevant for the others. But, as all too often, there may have been an element of the prosecution looking for ways not to give the defence any help that was not strictly required.

(Meanwhile any tears for "penniless" Parnes should be suspended. He continues to live in some considerable style in St John's Wood with cars and servants at hand. His birthday last year was celebrated at great expense. And the South of France is not for the penniless at holiday time.)

The decision not to disclose the tribunal findings to Spens seems even more difficult to justify given that he had been a target of the TWH investigation. But he is not appealing as he was subsequently acquitted after Guinness Two collapsed due to the unfortunate inability of Roger the Dodger to continue defending himself.

(Roger had been assisted in this role by former private investigator George Devlin, longtime righthand man of Dodger fan Elliott Bernerd, who himself played a part in the Guinness share support operation. Seemingly returned from self-imposed tax exile abroad after largely selling out of Bernerd's Chelsfield property group in 1992, Devlin is now to be found as a "human rights consultant" assisting none other than "Deadly" Ernest, first in Strasbourg and now with the court of appeal.)

It is worth recalling the sequence of events that resulted in the TWH finding finally being disclosed. Guinness Two began in September 1991. Share support operations were at the heart of Spens' defence. Because of his close links to TWH it would be surprising if Spens knew nothing of the Grantchester ruling. Yet it seems the tribunal finding was not raised during the extensive pre-trial hearings. Nor was any demand made for TWH material to be disclosed.

Come the trial former Guinness finance director and key prosecution witness Olivier Roux was asked about share support operations in October. Seelig's former Morgan Grenfell colleague Philip Evans in November. Freshfields partner Anthony Salz in December. Yet it appears that only then did this line of questioning by Spens spark a review of the TWH evidence by the prosecution which resulted in the disclosure of the tribunal evidence — a decision SFO sources maintain was voluntary and not forced by Spens or Seelig.

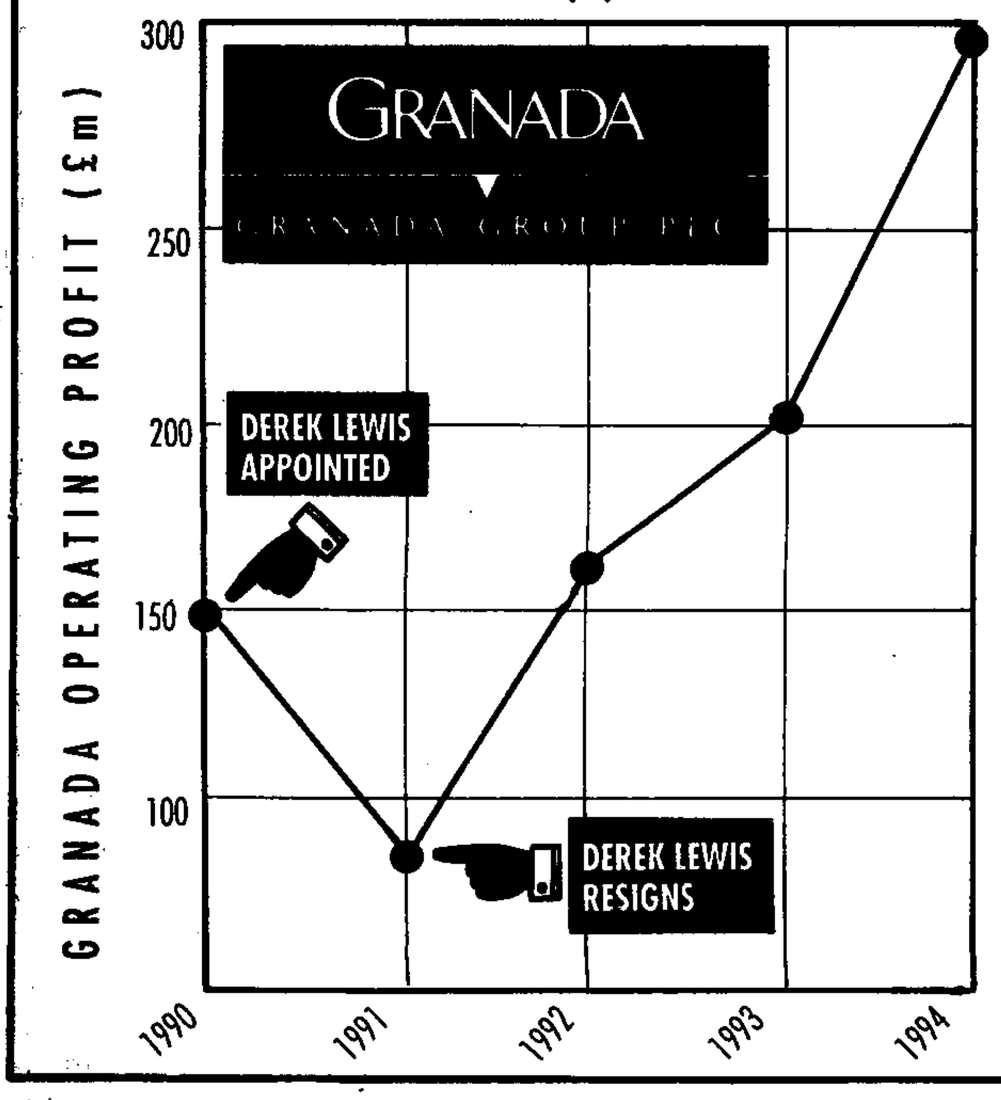
Spens highlights that this disclosure occurred on day 54 of the trial, linking it to the subsequent collapse. But curiously those who followed the trial recall little or no use being made of the Grantchester information by Spens or Seelig. Furthermore, far from resulting in the collapse of the trial, this did not occur for another 15 days and was sparked by Seelig's deteriorating mental state as indicated by an F-word outburst that decided Henry to call a halt to the courtroom circus. Like Saunders, Seelig has since made a full recovery from his feared mental breakdown.

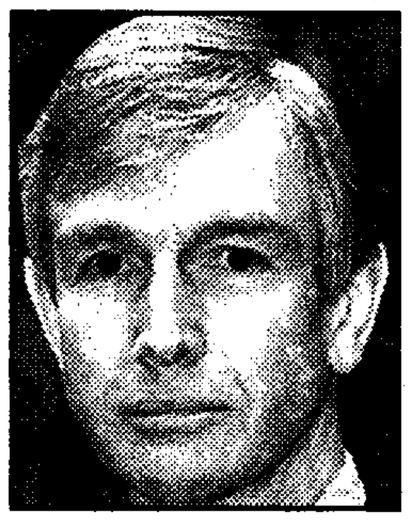
The culture of disclosure in criminal trials is now — post the serious miscarriages of justice revealed in recent years — justifiably very different from what it was in 1990. But whether that will work to the advantage of the Guinness Four remains open to question. So too does whether the judges will believe that the Grantchester finding would have been more significant to the jury than the £25 million trail of secret decisions and false invoices. So much more indeed that it is worth opening the door to compensation claims for millions to four rich men whose greed outweighed legality.

'Slicker'

"I warn you, anything you take down may be used against you in the Court of Appeal"

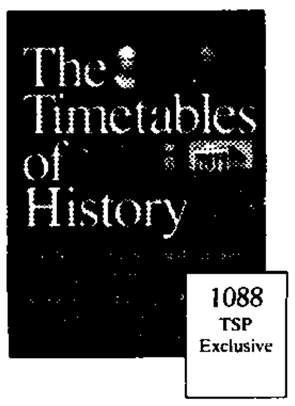
British Management Part 9. DEREK LEWIS, Director of the Prison 'Service', Chief Executive Granada Group plc 1990-91.



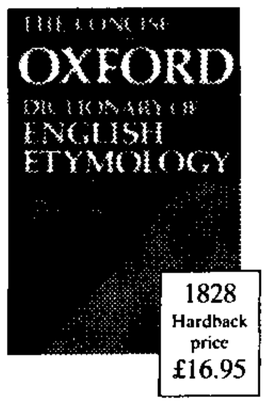


Granada Group plc Operating Profit	
1990	£149.8m
1991	£87.5m
1992	£160.2m
1993	£204.5m
1994	£298.8m

You write the rules
when you join TSP

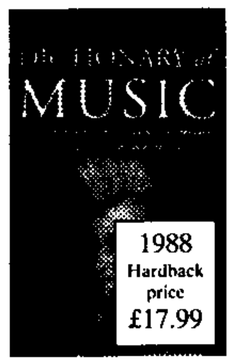


1088
TSP Exclusive



1828
Hardback price
£16.95

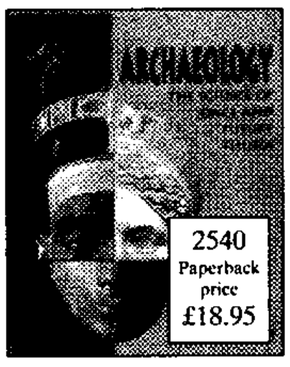
1756
Hardback price
£29.95



1988
Hardback price
£17.99

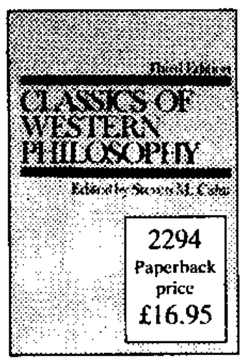
1301
Hardback price
£19.95

1987
Hardback price
£11.99



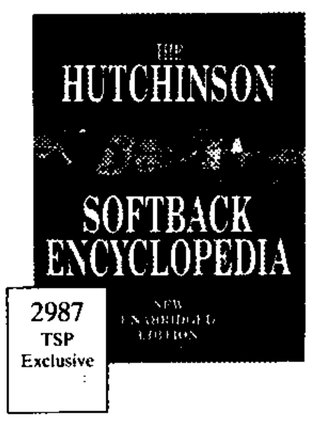
2540
Paperback price
£18.95

2777
Hardback price
£29.95

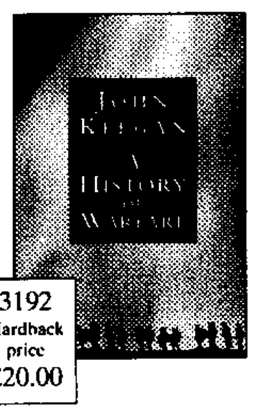


2294
Paperback price
£16.95

2554
Hardback price
£20.00

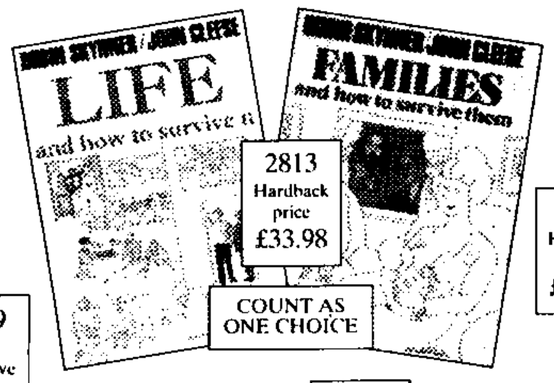


2987
TSP Exclusive



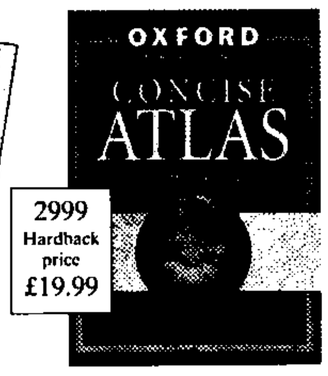
3192
Hardback price
£20.00

2549
TSP Exclusive

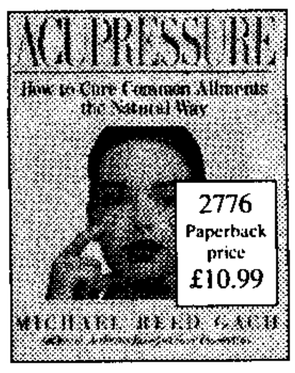


2813
Hardback price
£33.98

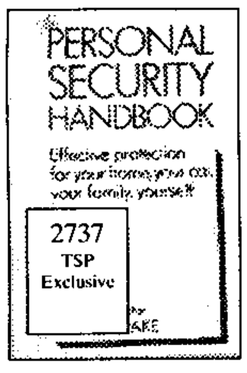
COUNT AS ONE CHOICE



2999
Hardback price
£19.99



2776
Paperback price
£10.99



2737
TSP Exclusive

3139
Hardback price
£18.99

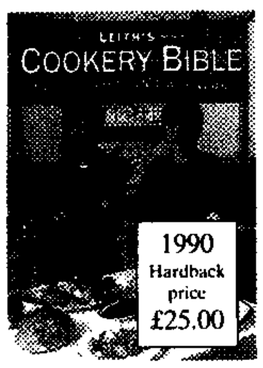
3186
Hardback price
£29.00

3195
Hardback price
£18.99

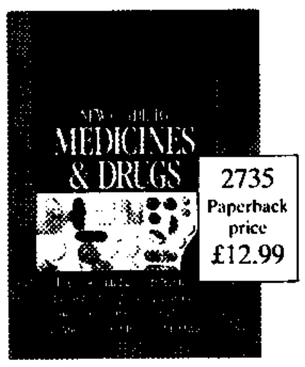
1996
Hardback price
£22.50

2300
Paperback price
£9.98

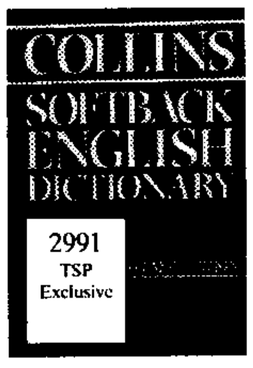
COUNT AS ONE CHOICE



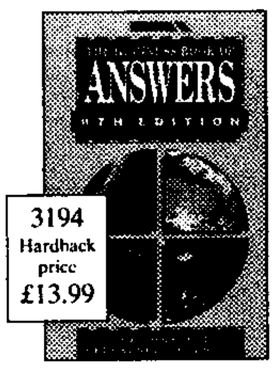
1990
Hardback price
£25.00



2735
Paperback price
£12.99



2991
TSP Exclusive



3194
Hardback price
£13.99

The Softback Preview, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

TSP Exclusive: These titles are not available anywhere else in the UK in any format.

"These are the terms and conditions I lay down for joining any book club.

I will not join a club which forces me to buy a book from every magazine or even a minimum number of books every year.

I appreciate good books and I'd like to see what you're offering. Your Preview, with around 100 books every month, sounds like a good idea to me, but don't expect me to buy any of them unless I see something I like.

I want books which challenge, inform and entertain. Whether I'm reading fiction or biography, books on science, art, history or philosophy I always look for the very best.

I also like my books to look and feel good, and to last. So I'm attracted by the quality of TSP softbacks which you say are exactly the same as the original hardback, except for the soft cover and cost around half the price.

OK, I'll buy 3 of the books from this page. At £1 each, it's a good offer. If the rest of your books measure up to these then I might be tempted. But I'm not making any promises.

That's as much of a commitment as I'm prepared to make. If you can accept these terms then please send me the 3 introductory books I've chosen and my first Preview."

1020
Hardback price
£32.50

TSP Softbacks are exactly the same in every detail as the original hardback - **except for the soft cover** - and around half the price.

Choose any 3 books for just £1 each

(+p&p)

...and you never have to buy another book *Guaranteed!*

Please send to: **The Softback Preview**, PO Box 415, Uxbridge, Middlesex UB11 1DZ.

YES I enjoy good books, and I'd like to try **The Softback Preview** for 6 issues. Please send me the three introductory books I have selected below. If I decide to return them within 10 days I'll owe nothing, otherwise I understand that you will charge me £1 each plus a total of £1.99 p&p. Each Preview will feature a Recommended Title. I understand that I am under no obligation to take the Recommended Title at any time and if I do not wish to receive it I need simply say so on the form provided. **In fact I am under no obligation to buy another book ... ever.** I am over 18.

Indicate by number your 3 choices:

Name Mr/Mrs/Ms

(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address

From time to time we may make our mailing list available to carefully chosen companies whose products or services might interest you.

Please tick this box if you do not wish to receive such offers. ☐

The Softback Preview PE05

Only one application per household. Offer valid in UK only. Send no money now.

specialEYEs

services

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

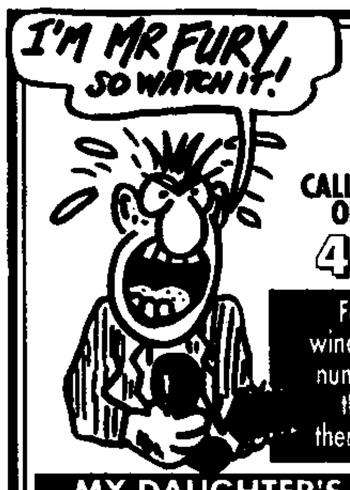
Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.

■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers & Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment.

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
081-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS

VISA

04/2754

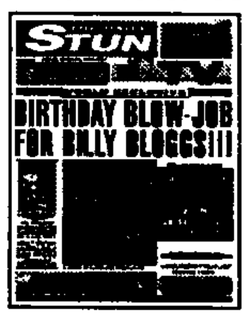


I'LL WIND UP A MATE FOR YOU
CALL ME ON 0336 426 381
For the best laugh in windups call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction.

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT
0336 426382
YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0336 426383
IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0336 426384
LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ
0336 426385
Joke Lines, PO Box 43, Warminster Wilts BA12 7RU
Calls charged at 39p/min cheap rate, 49p/min other times

SEX SHOCK SCANDAL!!!

Yes, dig out those embarrassing photos and turn *YOUR* friends into a scandalous *"DAILY STUN"* Front Page News Exposé!



- Pick any wild subject, give us the *"VICTIM'S"* details (+ photo if possible!) *AND WE'LL DO THE REST!*
- Mega funny wind-up souvenir for *birthdays, weddings, leaving do's, business, VALENTINES etc*

○ Full colour ○ Tabloid size ○ Gift sealed

061 456 2028
The Front Page News Co.

meeting people

SIRiUS
THE INTELLIGENT PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY
An exclusive LOCAL service operating NATIONWIDE for the intelligent, articulate and well-educated person. The LARGEST agency with personal interviews. BS 5750 marks our commitment. All major credit cards accepted. 24 hour FREEFONE 0800 374451 information line

London:	North West:	Scotland:	North East:
071 256 6123	0625 860924	031 225 3606	091 383 2224
South West:	**West Midlands:**	**Yorkshire:**	**East Midlands:**
0272 429500	021 704 0200	0904 611621	0602 241113

FREEPOST 305, London EC1B 1SY

KATHARINE ALLEN
'The highly respected marriage bureau'
(The Independent) Established 1960
18 Thayer Street London W1M 5LD
Tel: 071 935 3115

DON'T FORGET YOUR VALENTINE'S ADVERTISEMENT!
Call Irene on 071 437 2717

travel

Explore the Private World of the Waterways
and enjoy the luxury of hotel service as you cruise

Travel the tranquil countryside in a luxury hotel. The Inland Waterways take you to the heart of the scenery. Get close to the wildlife. Explore the country villages, market towns, churches, houses. Absorb the heritage. Meet interesting people. Walk the towpath. Enjoy the real atmosphere of traditional canalside pubs with real ale! Steer the boats and work the locks or just relax and watch.

All this and more on our brand new hotel narrowboats.
Single and double cabins all with *en suite* shower/wc.
Full central heating. *Quality country cooking.* **Glazed observation Saloon.**

Singles or groups. Charter bookings welcome. Short breaks at any time.

Country Hotel Narrowboats
19 Church Street
Bingham, Notts, NG13 8AL
tel or fax 01949 837158

ORIGINAL NEWSPAPERS
BIRTHDAYS ANNIVERSARIES, RETIREMENTS etc.

Authentic original & complete newspapers (most dates from 1890) superbly presented in Hardbacked Marbled Memory Portfolios, involving 15 separate hand operations to ensure the individuality of each portfolio.

Total cost £29.90 inc. personalised Certificate of Authenticity showing the name, date & occasion. Other presentations available from £17 inc. Multiple orders available at discounted prices.

HISTORIC NEWSPAPERS.
33 Glentrool Village,
Newton Stewart, Scotland. DG6 6SY
FREEPHONE 0800 906609

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES
CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL
Fully Customised and confidential
MAKE EM LAUGH *OR* NO FEE!
Emergency Speeches Undertaken
Britain's leading Professional
MITCH MURRAY
0624 622660
Access - Visa - Mastercard

motoring

The Thames Valley BMW Centre
BMF Blue Riband Advanced Courses
Born again lessons on BMW's
Cooper Reading (01734) 500100
Kings Meadow Road, Reading, Berks RG1 8BN

for sale

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

GIVE SOMEONE AN ORIGINAL NEWSPAPER DATED THE VERY DAY THEY WERE BORN. From £15 (plus 100-year-old TIMES or GUARDIAN ABSOLUTELY FREE!).

TEL: (0492) 531 195
(0492) 531 303

9am to 9pm every day

Classic BreakAway
per couple £99 + VAT (£116.33)
(NOT per person!)
Includes:
Two nights en-suite accommodation
Full breakfasts both mornings
Dinner (£25 allowance) on arrival
Admission to a local attraction
Free champagne (if you dine both nights)
Lunch on the third day.
Luxury hotels - eg Country house, leisure, swimming pools, gourmet,
Over 700 hotels in UK/France
Top ten UK locations:

York	Bath
Lakes	London
Cotswolds	Edinburgh
Chester	Norwich
N.Forest	Eastbourne

FRANCE: Same price! 3 days/2 nights
Self-Drive, AVAILABLE ALL DATES
Return ferry crossing - two adults & car
Two nights en-suite accommodation in a choice of hotels throughout FRANCE - including nr. PARIS, Lille, Arras, Rouen,
DISNEYLAND! Adult £99 Child £29.
Ferry, 3★★★hotel & ADMISSION!
0492 532 532
for our colour directory of hotels no obligation.

To use this page please call Irene Evans on 071 437 2717

INTRODUCING AMERICA'S MOST SOPHISTICATED JAZZ MONTHLY..
START WITH A

FREE JAZZ MAGAZINE
FREE JAZZ CD

JAZZIZ

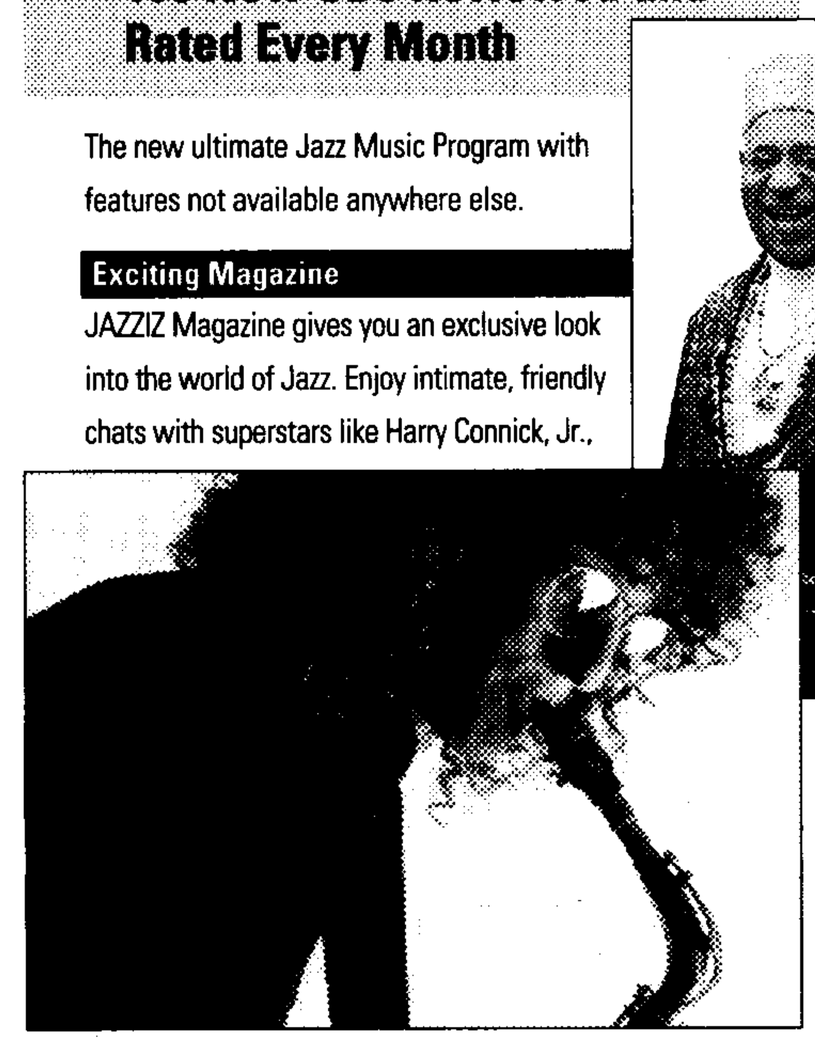
With NO Obligation...No Risk...And NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

- **Exclusive Jazziz CD and Magazine**
- **At Least 10 New Tracks Every Month**
- **Plus FREE CD Buying Service**
- **100 New CDs Reviewed and Rated Every Month**

The new ultimate Jazz Music Program with features not available anywhere else.

Exciting Magazine

JAZZIZ Magazine gives you an exclusive look into the world of Jazz. Enjoy intimate, friendly chats with superstars like Harry Connick, Jr., Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Kenny G, David Sanborn, Quincy Jones, Herbie Hancock, Pat Metheny, Bob James and many others. Linger over page after page of photographs, features and articles. And get in on the latest sounds with JAZZIZ's album review section featuring over 100 in-depth album reviews every month. And the first issue is yours **FREE!**



Exclusive JAZZIZ CD Every Month

Each month with every issue of JAZZIZ Magazine, you will also receive a **FREE** full-length Compact Disc that is not available anywhere else. This exclusive music offer features new releases from a variety of hot jazz artists – the people shaping the world of jazz music today. And remember, like your first issue of JAZZIZ Magazine, your first CD is **FREE.**

A Personal Jazz Music Buying Service

You may order CDs reviewed in JAZZIZ Magazine, if you wish. A convenient way to shop, but never an obligation. Plus, you will also receive special offers to get concert merchandise like t-shirts, sweatshirts, watches, posters, caps and more.

See details below

Not available in stores

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Simply call the freephone number or fill out and return the coupon below for your **FREE** copy of JAZZIZ Magazine and your **FREE** CD. Listen to the music, read the magazine and if you're not completely satisfied for any reason at all, return them with no further obligation.

CALL FREE ON: 0500 100 212 or mail the coupon below

JAZZIZ Your Complete Monthly Guide to Jazz!

Place in envelope and mail to: JAZZIZ, FREEPOST 16 (LON 5126), LONDON W1E 3ES

Guaranteed Price Protection: You will always be guaranteed the low price of £3.49 plus £2.49 postage and handling every month for as long as you remain an active member in the program.

❑ Please send me my free copy of JAZZIZ Magazine plus my FREE CD. Thereafter, I will receive JAZZIZ Magazine and an exclusive FREE CD every month. As a subscriber to this special offer, I will always be guaranteed the low monthly price of £3.49 plus £2.49 postage and handling for as long as I remain an active member in the program. I may also receive up to four times a year, special issues guaranteed at the same low price plus postage and handling.

I have no obligation to buy anything and I may cancel any time.

Your details (please print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ County _____ Postcode _____

Phone ( ) _____

Have you bought anything by mail in the last 6 months? ❑ Yes ❑ No

Do you have a credit card? ❑ Yes ❑ No

We reserve the right to ask for additional information, reject any application, or cancel any membership. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of first issue. Limited to new members; one membership per family.

JAZAA39

Time Life A.G., Industriestrasse 11, CH 8240, Thayngen, Trade Register Schaffhausen, Switzerland.

© 1995 Warner Music Enterprises

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

Classified Lineage Advertisements

£1.50 per word

Deadline for Friday 27th January issue — TUESDAY 17th January

Got a Valentine Novelty Gift to sell? Advertise in the Smalls ♥ "Eye Valentine Buy" ♥ classification next issue.

I LOVE YOU BECAUSE... Say it with a TAILOR-MADE certificate. Great gift. Details: VALENTINE CERTIFICATES, 8 Grovehill Drive, Falmouth TR11 3HS.

CARICATURES from photos. £25. 0548 810462.

WILD MUSHROOMS ON VIDEO — forays, recipes, identification guide. 90 mins quality viewing, essential for collectors & gourmets. £17.50 to TASTY MUSHROOM PARTNERSHIP, Poppy Cottage, Burnham Market, Norfolk PE31 8HA.

PAGAN POSTERS/CARDS — Odin, Thor, Ostara, etc, in full colour. Phone PLANET PRINTS for free catalogue 0825-764707.

INTERCHOCOLATE — Say it with chocolates. 01362 697481.

FRENCH TICKLERS/ Condoms... Custom printed "The Perfect Gift". ONE JUMP AHEAD, Box 111, Croydon CR9 6WS. Tel: (010 33) 972 77566, Fax: 972 77817.

DESIGNER-TYPE WATCHES — large range. Phone now for a catalogue, 0494 763534.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE. Your unique message printed on the label. Delivered nationwide next day. £24.95. 081-675 9494.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £47.50 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/ cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write JSR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

A TITLE FOR A TENNER? Oh yes! Details from SURVIVAL, Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London/South East — gift vouchers. 0784 451007.

BIRTHDATE / ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

"CURRY LOVERS" teeshirts. Details, phone/fax Pendragon Marketing 0840 770676.

CARICATURES/ Portraits/Commissions, 061 226 0318 — if unanswered: 061 226 7805.

SEX, SHOCK, SCANDAL!! Turn your friends into a "Daily Stun" front page photo exposé. Mega fun gift for birthdays, valentines, retirements, etc. 061 456 2028.

HOT TUB
6ft Diam Oak & Steel.
Car Towable.
0825 890491.

CARICATURIST FOR parties and trade fairs. 081-520 7262.

12 ORCHIDS or 12 roses, £18.50 including delivery. FreeCall 0500 99 66 99.

INFLATABLES — Pigs, Sheep, 3ft Willies £10 — Dolls £20. Now in — delay spray £5 — cheques payable "OUTRAGEOUS SUPPLIES", PO Box 5, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 1FA.

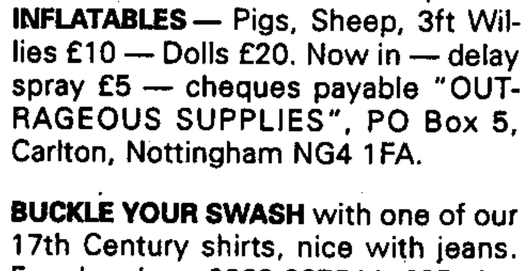
BUCKLE YOUR SWASH with one of our 17th Century shirts, nice with jeans. Free brochure 0203 687544. £25 plus p&p.

LEGAL HIGHS — Stimulants, hallucinogens, tranquillisers. Cheapest prices. Guaranteed effective or money back. SAE: JUNGLE FEVER (P), PO Box 2118, Reading, RG1 3YJ.

WALKABOUT MAGICIAN — 0380 850453.

BALLOON FLIGHTS Berks/ Hants/ Herts/ Surrey, great gift idea, £95 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 081-840 0108.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops 'n' Robbers, Doctors & Nurses, Dinosaurs... SAE for wall-plaque catalogue: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273 606240.) Access/Visa.



TROPICAL HOUSE CULTIVATION, specialist suppliers to indoor growers. Lights — sodium H.P. 400 watt £111, mercury from £23 — lightmovers, hydroponics, fertilizers — Earth juice, Ecogrow. Visit or SAE to THC, 45 Bavent Road, Camberwell, London SE5 9RY.

HYDROPONICS & GROWLIGHTS. 'Grow any plant, anywhere, anytime.' Free Brochure. GroWell Hydroponics (Solihull) 0675-443950.

PERSONAL PHONE NUMBERS for life. 0956 700835.

SAVE LEGAL FEES — do your own divorce. (01223) 210361.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — Mostly £100-£3,000. Shed not shop, telephone first, DESMOND NORTH, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871353.

WICKED! There is no other way to describe our sensational deals on hundreds of hi-fi separates. Virtually every leading brand now stocked at prices that make grown men weep. RICHER SOUNDS. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your FREE 32-page catalogue/price list.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS, (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

LOGS DELIVERED — London, 10 sacks £55, 081 691 4984.

STD CODE DECODER locates advertisers. New 1995 "Phoneday" edition. £3.00, two copies £5.00, p&p 50p. OAKLEY PUBLISHING, PE95, PO Box 115, Norwich NR14 7HT.

SCHWEINHUND AND BOO send love and bites to Snoopy for 1995.

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE you're married again. Kylie the Kipper — (I'm gutted).

SPEECH WRITING by Mitch Murray. See Page 30.

HEY DAD, that fly's still a git. Carole Sue Manda.

ORIENTAL SPICE (PE 860). That you RoThNo/Be, 16953? AnMc intro'd HaHo. 87TeRoHa, 2CoRoWe, HiVi-HiWy, locates? I was a shit. So sorry, ASHAMED, changed. This man NOT like that boy. Please at least forgive? (More?). You said only thought in Love with you. Still only think, but cogito ergo sum. Unconditionally. KeWyJo, 25952. Box 0163.

HOMEWATCH — External or internal — THE VIDEO DETECTIVE. Tel: 0455 559958, 24 hrs.

SHARP INVESTIGATIONS — Commercial and private enquiries. Confidentiality assured. Telephone 0206 795538 24 hrs.

INDUSTRIAL ESPIONAGE cases — Professional Consultancy. Tel: 0378 179926 in strictest confidence 24 hrs.

RACING INFORMATION — profitability guaranteed in writing — free trial, phone: 0532 854612.

DO YOU WANT to work and live in the USA? Dual National, British Citizen and licensed US Attorney based in Tampa, Florida will assist all applicants to gain permanent residency ("GREEN CARD") in US. Will conduct a job search, assist in buying real estate, etc, where applicable. Will be in central London in March 1995 to meet perspective clients. Call USA 813-963-3396, Fax 813-963-3088 or write to Attorney Laurence A. Steel, 12504 Yent Place, Tampa FL 33618, USA.

FREELANCE MARKETING specialists full/part-time. Call free 0500 99 66 99.

LEARN TO PLAY POLO — Britain's biggest and best. 30 mins London. Will teach anyone indoor and outdoor lessons from £30. Bookings 0276 451773.

SAILING IS Therapeutic. Introductory weekend £100, five days £245. Professional instructor on 34ft yacht based Solent 01703 457335.

LEARN TO DRIVE Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

ABSOLUTELY SUPERB intensive driving courses — seaside accommodation, immediate tests. Proprietor former examiner. 01305 782369.

LEARN TO DRIVE — five day course with test. 0202 666001.

SPEAK CHINESE for business. Win that contract! Experienced, professional teachers. Brochure: 071 222 0226.

LEARN TO DRIVE — various UK centres. 0594-543863.

LEARN A LANGUAGE on location! EF International Language Schools have centres in Nice, Reims, Munich, Barcelona and Florence. Holiday or Intensive courses begin every Monday and last from 2-50 weeks. Multi-centre courses also available for a working knowledge of more than one language. Call (071) 401 3660.

SPANISH LESSONS — Qualified, experienced, native teacher 0378 340537.

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS bought for cash. 081-340 9668.

VISA OR MASTERCARD with NO credit check. 50+ banks explained that give Visa/MC instantly. £20, MR O'CAMSTER, 62 Grosvenor Rd, Ilford, Essex.

D.K.F.L., a major earning opportunity for the information age. Part/full-time details 0227 771915.

CABOUCHON — the success story of the nineties. Unlimited earnings potential. Full or part-time 0386-710672.

MOTOR CLAIMS PROBLEMS? This new publication will help you with all types of motor insurance claims. What can you claim for? Who will assist you? Third party claims, Diminution in value, Valuation disputes, etc, etc. 115 pages packed with information. Send £12.95 to L B PUBLISHING, Dept P11, Delta House, 164 New Bank Road, Blackburn BB2 6JJ. Write or fax 01254 674437 for more details.

NAZI-LIKE JEWISH /Christian MPs, judges, lawyers named in COPS GAZETTE for over twenty years. Readers, send account of correspondence with the named plus autobiographical brief details for publication in book. Jiten Bardwaj (Yoga Meditation parliamentary candidate Hampstead) 4 Broad Green Wood, Bayford, Herts SG13 8PS.

FOR SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS you're not supposed to know: noseWEEK. Twelve issues £29. Cheques to Subscription Services, Box 38, Hitchin SG5 3BR.

WANTED — Stamp collections. 0606 863711.

643 EYES — 1968 to the present. Offers? 081 995 0865.

EYES: 645-date. 081-348 7327. Offers.

SELF-EMPLOYED Start-Up? Substantial tax rebates. Details 0181 870 7338.

CAPITAL MARKETS DBMS+ for dealers, Sun/Solaris. 0171 388 8189 24hrs.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES — We pay more than surrender values. NEVILLE JAMES LTD, FIMBRA member. Tel: 0730 233000.

CCJs LEGALLY REMOVED regardless of judgement satisfied plus Credit Secrets Handbook. ACS 081 688 9550.

HELP — QS student urgently seeks placement in order to complete third year of Course. Michael 07048 31328, fax 07048 31133.

WANTED — One or two January 28 Quentin Tarantino NFT tickets. Ring 081-809 6826 between 5.00-8.00pm.

BBC2'S VIDEO NATION programme is looking for people seeking partners via agencies/ads. Please call Juliet Wilson on 081 576 8663.

CENTRAL ASIA — silk route, independent traveller, planning trip, seeks information 0628 28391.

AIRMILES — 0273 689578.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1300 hits 1950-1994. Prices from £98 also sales. 081-318 2852.

MAIL/TELEPHONE/FAX, from £7.50 month. MAILMINDERS 0171 490 1708.

CALL DIVERSION nationwide. Low rental. No call charges. 0956 700835.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 0482 658701.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See page 30.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail /message-holding service. REGENT STREET — 071-580 4242.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

ANYTHING AMERICAN. Your US contact will find/send publications, CDs, recordings and business contacts. ASHTON, PO Box 40, Harpenden, Herts AL5 4PZ.

CONVERT PETROL ENGINES to domestic heating oil. SAE to: VETEC LTD, West Haddon, Northampton NN6 7AD.

MOVING HOME? Are you overpaying your solicitor? Is he or she always there to answer your calls? Does he or she communicate with your estate agent? Do you understand what is happening in your transaction from day to day? Do you feel confused by the jargon? This experienced solicitor offers a personal service in which you can have absolute confidence, at the most competitive rates available in the West End. Call 071-486 4405 (fax 486 2458).

SUPEREFFECTIVE CVS/ applications compiled/refreshed. 0985 214670.

PERSONALISED original answerphone messages, £15. Telephone VOGUE 0831 529839 or 0802 253422 for details.

IRISH REMOVALS — owner driver UK - Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

REMOVALS and rubbish clearance 071-602 3036.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 0181 299 1398.

SPEEDY MOVES — 081 568 6957.

JAMES REMOVALS. Household and office. Storage and packing. 071 431 1713.

ECONOMICAL WITH THE TRUTH? Never — just flight prices! Phone/fax: 01904 608941.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 0942 603599. Fax: 0942 670868.

FLIGHT OPTIONS — 0432 851062.

AFRICA — Camping Safaris and Expeditions, 8 days to 18 weeks, for brochure call TRACKS 0171 937 3028.

TUSCAN SPRING and September: two-week courses visiting Renaissance Villas & Gardens with accompanying lectures. Additional courses on Florentine Art History, Drawing, Painting, Literature, Cooking and Wine. Details from: ACCADEMIA BRITANNICA, Piazza San Francesco di Paola 1, 50124 Florence, Italy. Fax: (39) 55 223257.

TRACK AND OBSERVE rhinos, follow the Inca trail. Join one of 160 expeditions this summer. Send for your info pack now. We need your support. EARTHWATCH 0865 516366.

TRUCK AFRICA — intrepid camping expeditions. 4-27 weeks 071-731 6142 (24 hrs).

SECLUDED ANGUS GLEN — great food, fine ales, log fires — GLENISLA HOTEL — 0575 582223.

AMSTERDAM SMOKERS weekend. £35 — phone 0282-450275 anytime.

BEST OVERLAND VALUE, 5/6 months through 18 African countries: Desert, Jungle, Wildlife. Reputable private company. More info from HOBO TRANS AFRICA EXPS. 0986 873124.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES from 25 days to 30 weeks. Tour prices from £350 to £1,937. For a brochure and details of video shows phone BUKIMA AFRICA 081-451 2446.

COTSWOLD GLIDING CLUB. Five-day holiday courses inclusive of all flying and instruction. Prices from £220. Accommodation lists supplied. Telephone 0285 760415 for brochure.

GLASTONBURY, SOMERSET. A charming 18th century 2-bedroomed listed cottage, with study, lounge, dining room, kitchen, bathroom and patio, is available for rent to those seeking a tranquil retreat in this inspirational holy town. "Abbeyview" overlooks the ancient abbey and is only 2 minutes from the High Street with its "New Age" craft and book shops and a short walk from the Tor. Please dictate your address (frequently answerphone) for leaflet: 0234 211606.

PARADISE ON EARTH! Thailand and the Philippines — singles specials 12 nights from £630. For brochure, Tel 01481 823417.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. Small group exploratory holidays. Adventure from A to Z. Alaska, Argentina, Assam, Australia... Vietnam, Yemen, Zimbabwe. 160 tours, treks and expeditions in Europe, Middle East, Asia, Afica, Australasia, the Americas. 1 to 4 weeks. Free 100-page brochure. Tel: 01252 344161 (24 hours). AITO/ATOL bonded.

ELEPHANT IDEAS — Do you care enough to help experts record elephant damage in the Okavango? Your help is needed on 165 cultural and conservation projects in 50 countries. No experience is needed: just a working brain. EARTHWATCH, Tel: 0865 516366, Charity No: 327017.

INDIAN HIMALAYAS 1995? Wonderful treks, jeep safaris (as seen on TV), wildflower tours, motorbike safaris, mountain biking: throughout Manali, Zanskar, Ladakh, Sikkim:- HIMALAYAN FOLKWAYS, 10 Station Parade, Eastbourne, 01323-646604.

HEREFORDSHIRE Holiday Cottages, 0432 851062.

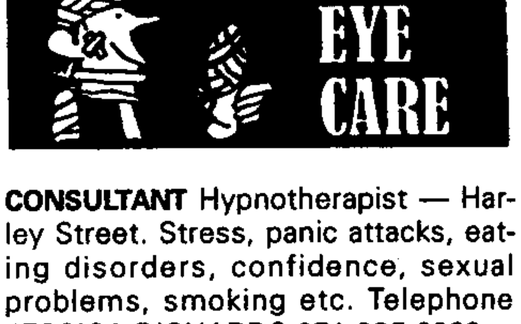
ABSOLUTE AFRICA — Camping safaris in Africa 4-27 weeks 081 742 0226.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 0424 838 404.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 19 weeks adventure camping expeditions. For detailed brochures: PHOENIX OVERLAND 01509-881818.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.



CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 071 935 0023.

COUPLE COUNSELLING and individual therapy, North West London. Jacqueline Selby 081-450 4958.

EYE NEED

IDEASMAN with well developed and attractive business plan seeks partner with marketing expertise and modest capital. Box 1463.

120YR OLD STEAM ENGINE to be used for children's educational and pleasure purposes needs extensive restoration. Trust status applied for, voluntary labour ready, donations for materials will be very much appreciated and acknowledged. Box 1563.

PHENOMENAL OPPORTUNITY for keen investor(s). Exclusive UK sports car dealers need support. Serious callers only. Tel 0121 744 3030. Fax: 0121 733 1033.

NETWORK AGAINST THE CSA is fighting the act that destroys families and betrays children. Our national newsletter costs £150/month to print and mail... can you help? 0280 860680.

UP-AND-COMING magazine, nationally distributed, covering environment, natural health and self-empowerment seeks like-minded investor(s) to fulfil potential. PO Box 490, Hove BN3 1BN.

KITTY RESCUED in Singapore. Can't afford quarantine on nurses' wages. Please help us! Box 0263.

EYE CONTACT

ARIES INTRODUCTIONS — The Exclusive Introductions Agency covering the UK. Telephone (0115) 9820872.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS — details from J. Crosbie, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

REFLECTIONS — making friends. SAE details 68 Field Lane, Frimley, Surrey GU16 5JZ.

DIOGENES — The affinity group for cynics nationwide. Membership £15 pa payable to DIOGENES, PO Box No.511, Cardiff.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES — respectable, marriage-minded. Send for free colour brochure. (Also 800 ladies on video available.) SIAM INTRODUCTIONS, Est. 1985. Telephone 0689 860 880 (24hrs). Facsimile 0689 860 244 (24hrs). As seen on UK & Thai TV.

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — brings veggies together. 081 348 5229.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant" Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071 839 8884 (day) or 081 297 1424 (any time).

TREASURES OF SIAM Thai Marriage Bureau, a professional and confidential service. 100 Minster Road, Westgate, Kent, CT8 8DG.

PERSON TO PERSON: best singles magazine in universe. Free details PLUS bargain offer! (Dept PE/8), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

EYE LOVE

GENTLEMAN IN LEEDS, 33, wants lady of good mind and spirit who likes travelling to Leeds or me travelling to you. Box 0959.

ATTRACTIVE, UNATTACHED professional man (42) seeks sexy, uninhibited, unpossessive lady for uncomplicated relationship. Phone: 081 444 8950 (home).

BASHFUL BLOKE seeks black beauty. Box 0363.

BIG EASY BERKS BEAR, 27, single, desires occasional physical not psychical attachment with fresh honey. Box 0463.

HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT black male, 6'5", 29, athletic build, requires sophisticated, exciting, slim female. Photograph appreciated. Box 2163.

SHY, COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, 34, seeks plump/large lady for lustful encounters. Box 2263.

FABULOUS FEMALE, 34, Oxfordshire, seeks that mythical male. Go ahead — make my year. Box 2363.

ATTRACTIVE, BLONDE female likes walking, beaches, interesting travel, animals and music, seeks similar male 32-40. Must live in Cornwall. Box 2463.

ATTRACTIVE LATIN LADY, loosely attached, seeks active passionate n/s professional gentleman for lasting loving relationship, 53-63, 5ft 10in plus. Sincere replies only. Kent/SE London areas. Box 2563.

NORTH-EASTERN FEMALE, 29, refugee from the south, seeks intellectual diversion. Box 2663.

UNWANTED CHRISTMAS PRESENT, free to a good home. Man, 28, brainy, rakishly handsome. New owner should be sexy, witty, professional and utterly wonderful. Don't let me be thrown in the river. Box 2763.

ASPIRING LUMLEY lookalike, affectionate, 40ish, independent, professional, likes sunshine, Elgar, Dire Straits, seeks tall, stylish, non-smoking man with everything but girl. Box 2863.

MAKE MY YEAR!!! Vivacious, professional, 24, bubbly female seeks fun-loving gentleman. Photo appreciated. Box 2963.

TALL, HANDSOME, university-educated Irish-American, 25, just started work in London, dismayed at prospect of long working days, seeks marriage to a mature woman 25-55 with whom to live life to the fullest. Box 3063.

SMILING ACTRESS, (not glitzy), potentially lovable, invited to accompany mature, gallant, civilised, bearded, droll, potentially adorable, temerarious arts consultant, to theatre and film previews and other deserved delights. Preferably long-term. Recent photograph please. London. Box 0563.

SOLVENT MARRIED professional man, 45, wants to spoil lady, 20s, during discreet affair. Box 0663.

EARLY ROMANTIC seeks female intellectual (20-35) with deconstructivist tendencies for discourse and tattonnment. Sussex. Box 0763.

28 YEAR OLD adventurer, professional sailor, seeks rich widow for huge fling, fun and financial security. I've travelled every highway, sailed every ocean and still have a huge appetite for life. Enjoy music, art, sport, sex. If you want that glorious sunset, write. Box 0863.

LONELY IN MALLORCA — retired 46 year old businessman seeks 35 to 45 slim brunette, intelligent, attractive, witty, for lasting relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 0963.

MALE (35) SEEKS plump/big woman for mutual affectionate enjoyment of films, food and (painless) kinky sex. London/anywhere. Box 1063.

SUCCESSFUL, PROFESSIONAL boy, 35, seeks stocking-wearing girl, 25-40, for fun, friendship and frolics. Being totally honest, I am a bit short and a bit bald, but also intelligent, considerate and with a great soh. My interests are arty, foody and a bit sporty. London/SE area. Box 1163.

ARE YOU AN "otherwise happily", safely married lady under 42 who would enjoy a "sometimes man" for daytime sessions of ecstasy and passion? Millionaire businessman, 42, tall, dark and "nearly, but not quite" handsome, educated, intelligent, reliable, discreet, safely but "otherwise happily" married will love to hear from you. Photo if possible, please. Daytime telephone number essential for discreet initial conversation. Absolute discretion assured and expected. Is anybody out there? Box 1263.

GOOD-HUMOURED antique dealer, fed up with education, school fees, universities and wives, would like to meet before he runs out of steam or money someone to have fun with. 5'7", slim, mediterranean looks, a bit ragged, likes music, lots of travel, walking, browsing antique markets. Just an ordinary slim Mrs Jones would be great. Box 1363.

CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN, 34, Surrey home, City office, likes classical music, wining/dining, gardening, countryside, heritage. Seeks unattached lady similar values/interests for enduring relationship. Box 1663.

TALL, INTELLIGENT MALE, 30, seeks well-educated, attractive female, 23-30, for fun times. Central London. Box 1763.

PRETTY WOMAN, 29, seeks tall, intelligent, humorous man, for uncomplicated fun. Herts/North London. Box 1863.

MID-30s ELECTRON seeks positronette for big flash. Box 1963.

TALL, KIND, amiable bachelor (36), wavering smoker, humble income, loves classical music and fireside cuddles, unfulfilled at work and play seeks a bonny lady (30s/40s) for romantic rejuvenation and future bliss. Photo appreciated, SE/anywhere. Box 2063.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

CLASSIFIED LINEAGE ADVERTISEMENTS
6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG

£1.50 PER WORD LINEAGE — £3.20 PER WORD CENTRED LINEAGE

YOU CAN **DICTATE YOUR AD WITH CREDIT CARD: 071 734 6887**

YOU CAN **USE THE FORM TO MAIL OR FAX YOUR AD: 071 437 0705**

WE OFFER **A BOX NUMBER FORWARDING SERVICE TO NON-BUSINESS ADVERTISERS FOR AN ADDITIONAL £8**

WE OFFER GENEROUS SERIES DISOUNTS

10% FOR 6 ADS / 15% FOR 12 ADS / 20% FOR 26 ADS

THESE PRICES INCLUDE VAT

QUERIES & GENERAL INFORMATION: 071 437 4017

CONTINUE ON SEPARATE SHEET IF NECESSARY

NAME, ADDRESS & TEL NO: _____

_____

_____

_____

Send your advertisement to arrive at least 10 days before publication date with cheque/postal orders or ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH number. Do not send cash.

CARD NUMBER:

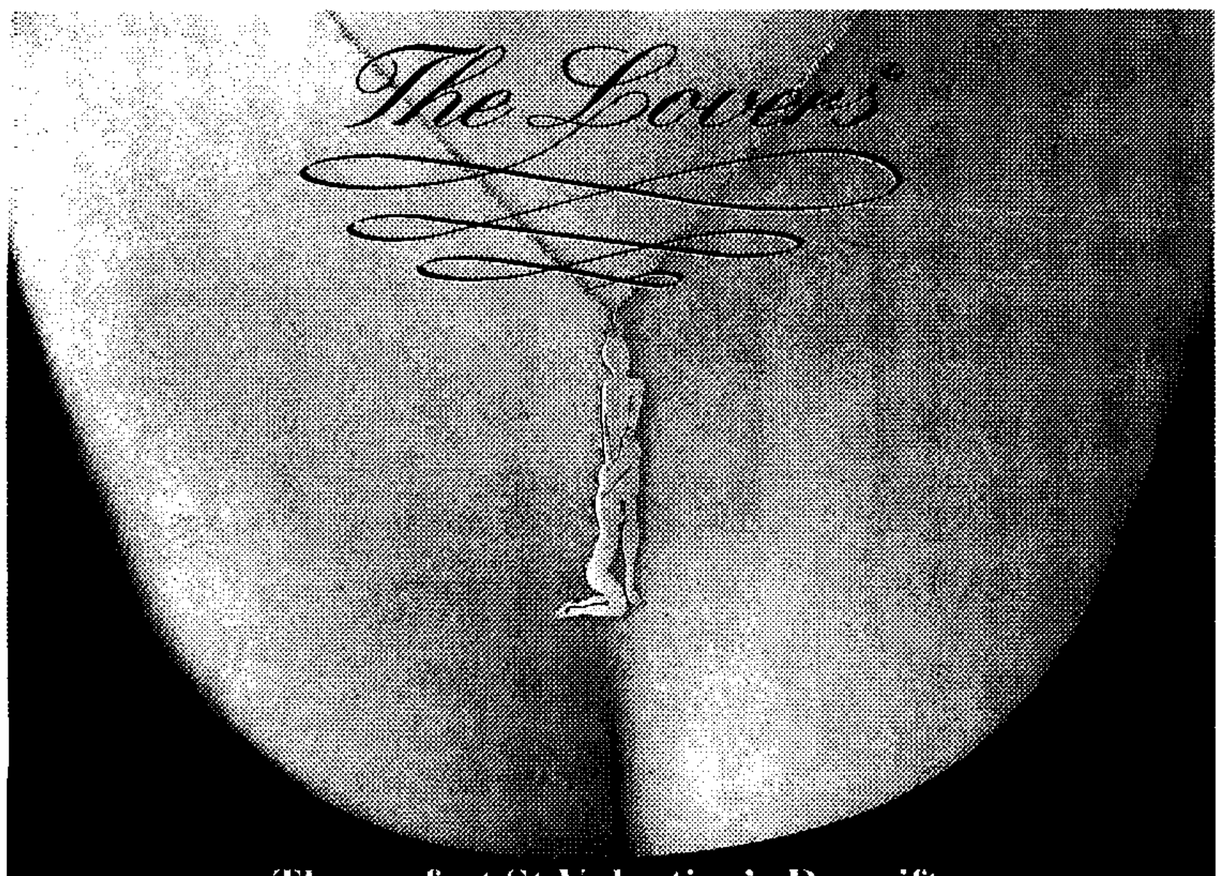
EXPIRY DATE: ISSUE NUMBER (SWITCH):

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE:

_____

VALENTINES

Send Valentine Messages
to reach us by FEBRUARY 1st for
inclusion in our VALENTINE ISSUE.
Special rate — £1.25 per word (minimum £5).
"VALENTINES" PRIVATE EYE SMALLS,
6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
or dictate (071 734 6887) or fax (071 437 0705)
with Access/Visa/Switch/Connect card details.



The perfect St.Valentine's Day gift.
Beautifully crafted pendants in hallmarked solid silver
or hallmarked 9ct. gold. (Actual size 50mm).
Exclusively from *Capitol Gold & Silver Company.*
6 Station Rd. Finchley. London N3 2RY. Tel: 0181-346 2333

PLEASE COMPLETE (Stating quantity required) AND POST TO: CAPITOL GOLD & SILVER COMPANY.
6 STATION RD. FINCHLEY. LONDON N3 2RY or **CALL OUR CREDIT CARD HOTLINE: 0181-346 2333** 9am – 6pm

☐ Silver Pendant(s) without chain: **£7.99** (each) ☐ Silver Pendant(s) with 18" solid silver chain: **£11.99** (each)
☐ Gold Pendant(s) without chain: **£24.99** (each) ☐ Gold Pendant(s) with 18" 9ct. gold chain: **£35.99** (each)

All prices inclusive of VAT. **Please add £1.50 postage & packaging per order,** allow 28 days delivery. All orders subject to acceptance

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

_____

_____ POSTCODE _____

I enclose a cheque/postal order £ _____ or debit my **Visa/Mastercard** No: _____

Expiry date _____ Signature _____ MasterCard VISA

How Does It Work?

Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

MALE ARTIST, 40, anthropologist, seeks permanent relationship with honest, sincere woman 30-45. And all contacts promptly responded to. London. Ring 0660 209755

CHANGES, CHATS, CUDDLES, companionship; charismatic woman, 38, hopes to share all/some with bright, lefty man, age, nationality unimportant, sense of fun essential. London. Ring 0660 205384

LIKE INTELLECTUAL MEN? Sensitive man, attentive, lively, attractive, witty, employed, very young 36, extremely honest, seeks caring female, athletic build, 18-35. London. Ring 0660 208234

SW19, BRUNETTE, TALLISH, medium, 40+, child, academic, physical, independent, enjoys music, (World/Glass/Choral/Opera) dance clubs, cinema, relaxing, prefer long-term relationship with compatible man. Ring 0660 205362

LADIES DO YOU WANT to be wooed by a tall, dark, handsome, blue eyed male. If you are confident and assertive please call. London. Ring 0660 207822

I LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE, mother and successful, independent woman. If you're male, 5ft 10in plus, n/s, 35-45, enjoy Billy Connelly, maybe you should meet the woman! Herts. Ring 0660 205387

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN, 35, attractive, tanned, well dressed, Porsche, nice N Wales home, separated, seeks attractive girlfriend, under 30, for fun and friendship Ring 0660 205421

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

ROD, 38, ARIES and creative, professional, broad shouldered and different, wants dynamic women with positive disposition to go for life together. Kent/London Ring 0660 207118

ABSOLUTELY A LADY, 37, natural woman, intelligent, fun loving, no game player, long, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, likes long hair, brains, romantic, soh, and self-assurance, in a man. Middx. Ring 0660 209920

MALE, 40, DIVORCED with loads to achieve in 95, seeks equally slim, sensitive, creative, carnivorous female smoker, 25-40, for adulation, inspiration and consummation. Ring 0660 205446

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL LADY, slim, 5ft 5in, nice smile, enjoys cinema, theatre, good food, and travelling, seeks sincere, well educated, solvent man, 35-55, for honest, caring relationship. Herts. Ring 0660 205369

NUTRITIOUS, OH YES!, delicious, tempting and grown-up male student, seeks girlfriend who likes cinema, coffee and eating out. London. Ring 0660 209162

LADY, 28, WELL EDUCATED, enjoys wining and dining, high standard of living, looking for an intellectual male, 28-35. First time ad, all calls answered. Lancs. Ring 0660 205408

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL Sikh female, searches for that missing link. A confident but caring, strong yet sensitive kind of guy. Can you complete the chain? Berks. Ring 0660 205392

MALE, ATTRACTIVE, own apartment, 23, 6ft, intelligent, sensitive and cosmopolitan. Seeks intuitive, creative, woman, 19-27, for companionship, tenderness, conversation and laughter. Any nationality. London Ring 0660 205454

WARM, SENSUAL, CARING, intelligent and exciting woman, seeks well educated man, 35-45, for fun, warmth, good conversation, days out, music, theatre, romance and surprises. Sussex/London. Ring 0660 205380

HELP! INTELLIGENT, OUTGOING, hedonistic, good looking, fit man, 32, seeks similar woman, 25-35, to rekindle my joie de vivre. Surrey. Ring 0660 205411

MALE, CITY PROFESSIONAL, 29, English, friendly, easygoing, seeks a friendly, ideally foreign girl, 18-29, interested in the arts, especially theatre and cinema and dining out. London. Ring 0660 205456

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 47, solvent, independent. Living, SW London, enjoys the good things in life. Seeks lady, 40-65, for fun and enjoyment. London. Ring 0660 208942

TIRED OF BEING ON MY OWN, pretty, fit, Italian female, many interests, seeks tall , attractive man, 30-40, to share healthy life style, find out more. London. Ring 0660 205409

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

WE BUY ROLEX
THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED

£850 MIN. UPTO £8000
CASH PAID INSTANTLY
FOR CURRENT • GMT
SUBMARINER•DAYTONA
DAY-DATE•EXPLORER II
WANTED
ROLEX *Cartier* PATEK
BREITLING HEUER *PIAGET*
& ALL FINE WATCHES,
GOLD OR STEEL, OLD & NEW
DIAMONDS & JEWELLERY

Bassange
Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 071 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
BUY • SELL • EXCHANGE • GREAT VALUE

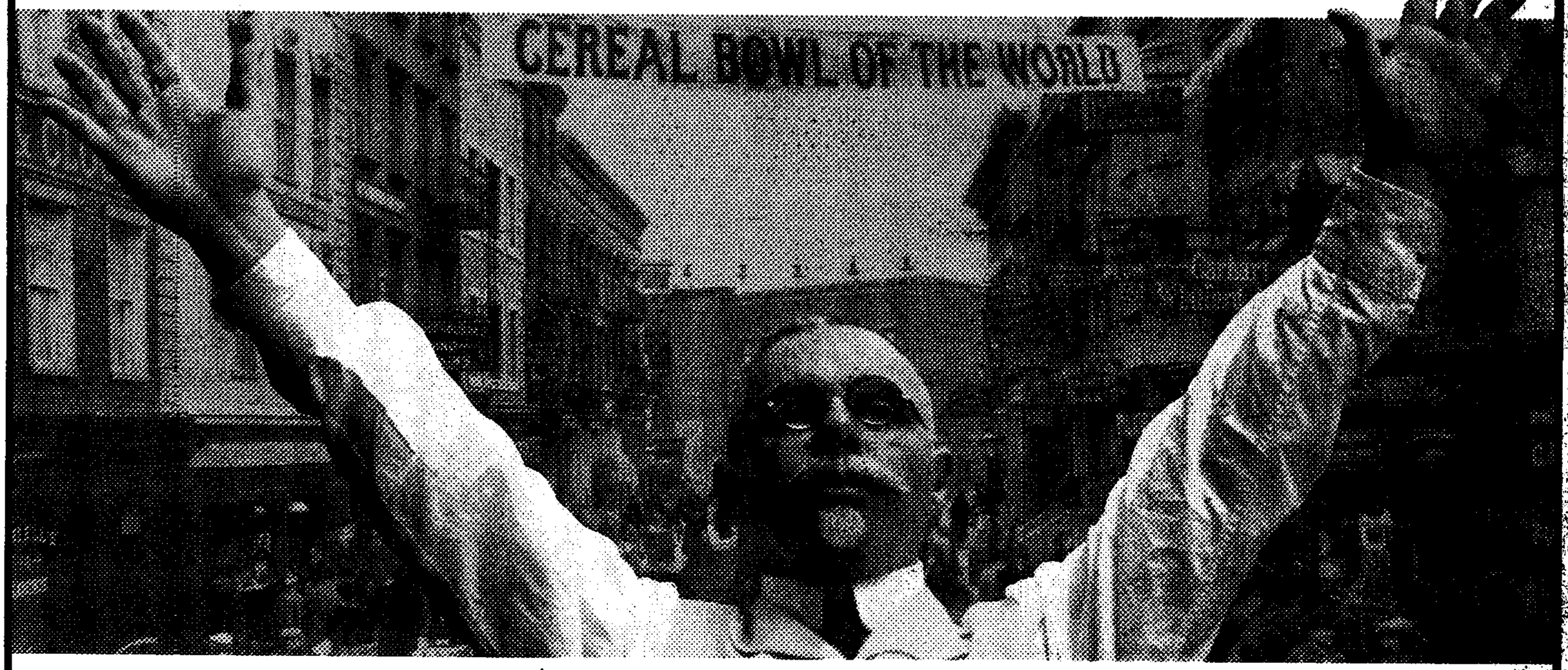
FUTON
EXPRESS FROM £99
FUTON makers for OVER A DECADE!
LARGE S.A.E. for *COLOUR Brochure*
48Hour Despatch NATIONWIDE.
MAIN SHOWROOM: 23-27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071 - 833 3945 Fax: 071 - 833 8199
Also Showrooms at: CLAPHAM, CHALK FARM & WALSALL

Anniversary, Presentation, Birthday - original cartoons make stunning gifts.

Say it with a smile and enjoy making the appropriate selection. Over 3,000 cartoons always in stock, including Private Eye contributors.
The Cartoon Gallery, 44 Museum Street
London WC1. 071 242 5335.

"THE FUNNIEST, WITTIEST MOVIE IN YEARS" ABC Network
"A dazzling feat of movie making...Outrageously funny" Associated Press
"VASTLY ENTERTAINING...A DELIGHT" Hollywood Reporter
"A stellar cast and sumptuous production" Screen International
"Brilliant, bold and outrageous...Hopkins is hilarious" Playboy

ANTHONY HOPKINS IS DR. KELLOGG,
SEXUAL REVOLUTIONARY, CEREAL INVENTOR AND FOUNDER
OF THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS HEALTH SPA IN THE WORLD!

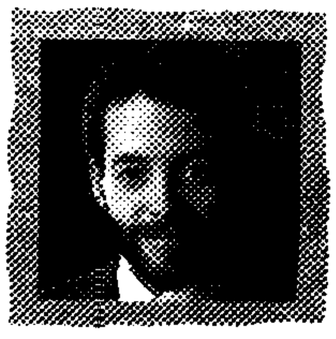


AN ALAN PARKER FILM

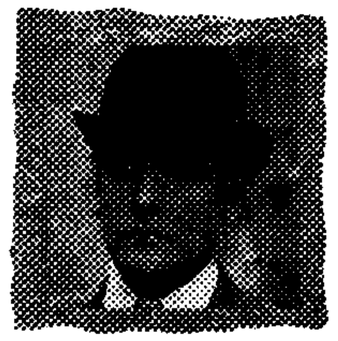
THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE

A COMEDY OF THE HEART AND OTHER ORGANS

18 TBC



ANTHONY HOPKINS
BRIDGET FONDA
MATTHEW BRODERICK
JOHN CUSACK
DANA CARVEY



A J&M ENTERTAINMENT RELEASE BEACON PRESENTS A DIRTY HANDS PRODUCTION AN ALAN PARKER FILM
ANTHONY HOPKINS BRIDGET FONDA MATTHEW BRODERICK JOHN CUSACK AND DANA CARVEY "THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE" MICHAEL LERNER
MUSIC BY RACHEL PORTMAN EDITED BY GERRY HAMBLING,A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER BRIAN MORRIS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PETER BIZIOU,B.S.C.
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOM ROSENBERG AND MARC ABRAHAM BASED ON THE NOVEL BY T.CORAGHESSAN BOYLE SCREENPLAY BY ALAN PARKER
PRODUCED BY ALAN PARKER ARMYAN BERNSTEIN ROBERT COLESBERRY DIRECTED BY ALAN PARKER
SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON VARESE-SARABANDE COMPACT DISCS READ THE GRANTA BOOK AND LISTEN TO THE PENGUIN AUDIOBOOK

ODEON LEICESTER-SQUARE
BOOKINGS (071) 930 3232

AND AT A CINEMA NEAR YOU
FROM FRIDAY 3 FEBRUARY

9 770032 888044 01

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971